

CERTAIN  
V E R S E S

W R I T T E N

By severall of the

*Authours Friends;*

T O B E

R E - P R I N T E D

W I T H T H E

Second Edition

O F

G O N D I B E R T.

W I T H

HERO and LEANDER

the mock Poem :

---

L O N D O N,  
Printed in the Year, 1653.

CERTAIN

V. E. R. S. E. S.

W. R. T. E. N.

By several of the

Authors of the

Works

REPRINTED

WITH

Second Edition

OF

GOVERNMENT.

WITH

THEO. AND A. ANDER

the mock Room:

LONDON,

Printed in the Year 1677.

Certain V E R S E S written by severall of the  
 Authours Friends, to be reprinted with the  
 second Edition of GONDIBERT.

**R**oom for the best of Poets heroick,  
 If you'l believe two Wits and a Stoick;  
 Down go the *Iliads*, down go the *Æneidos*,  
 All must give place to the *Gondiberteiados*.

For to *Homer* and *Virgil* he has a just Pique,  
 Because ones writ in Latin, the other in Greek:  
 Besides an old grudge (our Criticks they say so)  
 With *Quid*, because his Sirname was *Naso*.  
 If Fiction the fame of a Poet thus raises,  
 What Poets are you that have writ his praises?  
 But we justly quarrel at this our defeat,  
 You give us a stomach, he gives us no meat.  
 A Preface to no Book, a Porch to no house;  
 Here is the Mountain but where is the Mouse?  
 But, oh, *America* must breed up the Brar,  
 From whence 't will return a *West-Indy* Rat.  
 For *VVill* to *Virginia* is gone from among us,  
 With thirty two Slaves, to plant *Mundungus*.

*Upon the Preface of GONDIBERT.*

Mar. Epig.

*Lascliva est nobis Pagina vita proba est.*

**A**S *Martial*'s life was grave and sad,  
 Wanting the mirth his Verses had:  
 Even so, this our long Preface shows,  
 What ere we want, our Book has nose.

To Sir W. DAVENANT.

1.

**A**fter so many sad mis-haps,  
 Of drinking, riming, and of claps,  
 I pittie most thy last relaps.

A 2

Thau

2.

That having past the Souldiers pains,  
The Statel-mens Arts, the Seamens gains.  
With *Gondibert* to break thy brains.

3.

And so incessantly to ply it,  
To sacrifice thy sleep, thy diet,  
Thy businesse; and what's more, our quiet.

4.

And all this stir to make a story,  
Not much superior to *John Dory*,  
Which thus in brief I lay before ye.

5.

All in the land of *Lombardie*,  
A Wight there was of Knights degree,  
Sir *Gondibert* ycleap'd was he.

6.

This *Gondibert* (as says our Authour)  
Got the good will of the Kings daughter,  
A shame it seems, the Diuel ought her.

7.

So thus succeeded his Disaster,  
Being sure of the Daughter of his Master,  
He changed his Princess for a Playster.

8.

Of person he was not ungratious,  
Grave in Debate, in Fight audacious;  
But in his Ale most pervicacious.

9.

And this was cause of his sad Fate,  
For in a Drunken-street Debate  
One night, he got a broken Pate.

10.

Then being Cur'd, he would not tarry,  
But needs this simpling gir would marry  
Of *Astragon* the Apothecary.



( 3 )

11.

To make the thing yet more Romancie,  
Both wise and rich you may him fancie;  
Yet he in both came short of *Plancy*.

12.

And for the Damsel, he did wooe so,  
To say the truth, she was but so-so,  
Not much unlike her of *Toboso*.

13.

Her beauty, though 'twas not exceeding,  
Yet what in Face and shape was needing,  
She made it up in Parts and Breeding.

14.

Though all the Science she was rich in,  
Both of the Dairy and the Kitchin:  
Yet she had knowledge more bewitching.

15.

For she had learn'd her Fathers skill,  
Both of th'Alimbeck and the Still,  
The Purge, the Potion, and the Pill.

16.

But her chief Talent was a Glister,  
And such a hand to administer,  
As on the Breech hath made no blister.

17.

So well she handled *Gondibert*,  
That though she did not hurt that part,  
She made a blister on his heart.

18.

Into the Garden of her Father:  
Garden, said I; or Back-side rather,  
One night she went a Rose to gather.

19.

The Knight he was not far behind;  
Full soon he had her in the wind;  
(For Love can smell, though he be blind.)

Her

Her businesse she had finish'd scarcely,  
 When on a gentle bed of Parsly  
 Full fair and soft he made her Arse-ly.

{ Desunt  
 { catera :

*Upon the continuation of GONDIBERT.*

Thy Verses feet to run so fast;  
 And thine alas in fetters plac't;  
 I alwayes thought, and now I see't,  
 Thy brain's less stable then thy feet.  
 This, 'tis, to be severe to us,  
 For naming Gods and *Pegasus*.  
 Could'st thou but such a horse have shap't,  
 Thou hadst with gallant *Masie* scap't,  
 Or couldst thou but frame *Gyges* Ring,  
 Long since (poor *Will*).th' hadst been a Wing,  
 Thou liest not there for any plor,  
 But 'cause a Poet thou art not.  
 Nor kenst thou *Daphne* how thy rimes should rage  
 And lift the Poet ore the walled stage:  
 'Tis not a Moat can have the fate or power,  
 To hold the Muses, nor great *Cæsars* Tower,  
*Homer* and *Virgil* both thy back-friends have  
 The priviledge to break out of their grave,  
 And they that slight them must not hope to thrive  
 But lie confin'd and buried alive.  
 Nor think it strange thou art not spar'd,  
 But cast into a Goale unheard,  
 Those antient *Bards* no better sped,  
 Condemn'd by thee though never read:  
*Naso* made *Dedalus* the Seas to cross,  
 Though the rash *Icarus* were at a loss.  
 But this our Anti-*Naso's* Muse dorth flutter,  
 Like stubble goose that scarce gets ore the gutter.  
 These colours that they nere may faile,  
 Were laid in Sack and Northdown Ale.

The

(O3)  
*The Authour upon himself.*

I Am old Davenant with my Fustian quill,  
Though skill I have nor,  
I must be writing still  
On Gondibert,  
That is not worth a farr.

Waller and Cowly, 'tis true, have prais'd my book,  
But how unruly  
All they that read may look ;  
Nor can old Hobbs  
Defend me from dry bobbs.

Then no more I'll dabble, nor pump fancy dry,  
To compose a Fable,  
Shall make Will Crofts to cry,  
O gentle Knight,  
Thou writ'st to them that shite.

*A Letter sent to the good Knight.*

THou hast not been thus long neglected,  
But we thy four best friends expected,  
Ere this time thou hadst stood corrected.  
But since that Planet governes still,  
That rules thy tedious Fustian Quill  
'Gainst Nature and the Muses will.  
When by thy friend's advice and care,  
'Twas hop'd in time thou wouldst despaire  
To give ten pounds to write it faire.  
Lest thou to all the world wouldst shew it,  
We thought it fit to let thee know it,  
Thou art a damn'd insipid Poet.

*Upon Fighting WILL.*

THE King knights Will for fighting on his side,  
Yet when Will comes for fighting to be try'd,  
There is not one in all the Armies can  
Say they ere felt, or saw this fighting man.

Strange that the Knight should not be known i'th  
(Field,

A Face well charg'd though nothing in his Shield.  
Sure fighting *Will* like *Basilisk* did ride  
Among the Troops, and all that saw *Will* dy'd,  
Else how could *Will* for fighting be a Knight,  
And none alive that ever saw *Will* fight.

In pugnacem Daphnem.

*Pugnacem Daphnem Rex ordine donat Equestri,  
Sed quod pugnasset cum foret ille reus,  
Arma virumque ferum se vel sensisse rogatus,  
Vel vidisse quidem Miles utrinque negat.  
Tantum equitis mirer campos latuisse per omnes,  
Insignem vultu Parma sit alba licei,  
Scilicet aspectu victor Basiliscus obibat  
Agmina sub monstro qua periire novo.  
Pugnando haud aliter referet calcaria Daphnis,  
Cui pugnae testis nemo superstes erat.*

Ad eundem.

*De titulo ablato non recte Daphni quereris  
Facti in te causum Daphni Senatus habet.  
Jure decus perdis, si vitam jure tueris,  
Testis abest culpæ, testis honoris abest.*

In Daphnem Causedicum.

**I**T being prov'd that fighting *Will* nere fought  
The Judges straight for other treasons sought.  
On that, point blank two witnesses did swear,  
Such, and such words from his mouth they did hear.  
In answer to which by a speech *Will* shows,  
Alas, that his words are drawn through his nose,  
Through his nose it was the witnesses cry'd,  
But *Will* has none, so again they ly'd.

This

Thus with a lost nose the same he bears,  
To have won both his enemies ears,  
And now by his Poetry sure W ll knows  
How to turn those ears again into nose.

*The Poet is angry being censured by*

*One he knows not.*

**D**Apbne, in scorn, not knows me. In all shows  
More know Jack Puddin, than Jack Puddin knows

*Titulus comitis Londini cum  
licentia imponendus.*

A Letter sent out of the Countrey.

**M**onstrum hic horrendum nomine Daphnia nuperrime  
captum in Insula Barbadas contendente visui Au-  
glorum, praebeamus natum, uti ex scriptis placet inter Hel-  
veios, valde enim de rebus istorum gestis, ( quorum ne pili  
pendimus ) animo aestuat; Londini propugnaculo à Pa-  
mento Angliæ incarcerationis, non quidem inier captor, sed se-  
rociorum animalium domiciliis in tucrum Domini Backster  
manet Philosophorum nonnulli de forma querentes, nihil ni-  
si illum non esse Elephantem ausi sunt affirmari. Ille enim  
proboscis deest, sed per nasum trahit, & tamen prob De-  
rum miracula nasum non habet, sed quasi per minima for-  
mina nasutum, Ballenæ instar evomit, quidni illum Ce-  
zum esse ex elogio Germani cujusdam Leviathan satis  
constat.

*Upon the Author.*

**D**Enham come help me to laugh  
at old Daph,  
Whose fancies are higher than Chaff,  
He abuses  
All our Muses,

And would it not make a man laugh till he burst,  
That he would be thought of all Poets the first,  
That is of all Rimers the worst?

*Daphne*

*Daphne* wert thou not content

For to vent

Thy fancies without our consent,

But hadst the face

In thy Preface

To laugh at all those that had written before,

When we thy best friends to the number of four

Advis'd thee to scribble no more.

*Canto 2.*

R Ais'd by a Prince of *Lombard* blood,  
 An antick fabrick long hath stood  
 Of *Podian* flint, and *Persian* free-stone  
 Mingled as you shall see stone,  
 A part whereof height *Cripples Region*,  
 Contains of half men a whole Legion,  
 Who still have been *from ancient lore*  
 For three *swift Centuries* and more  
 Friends to the Debtors and the Drinkers,  
 And foes unto the Smiths and Clinkers.  
 When in the Churchyard or the Alley,  
 Occasion serves them; forth they sally,  
 Both horse and foot; but now I wrong 'um,  
 There's neither horse nor foot among 'um  
 But those that are for horse accounted,  
 Are on tall wooden Engines mounted,  
 On which in *Lombard* *Ausours* notion,  
 They abuse the Property of Motion.  
 But for the foot 'tis more improper,  
 For they move not on foot, but crupper,  
 And having neither leg nor stump,  
 Advance themselves on hand and rump.  
 A stand they make. A stand d'ye call't?  
 The word, of Art is, make a halt.

Then steps forth a *Grave Eastern Cripple*,  
 One that could fight, and talk, and tippie,  
 Brave friends, quoth he, *Power is a liquor*,

{ D. of  
 { *Savey*

Makes



Makes hands more bold, and wit more quicker,  
 It is a *tree* whose boughs and branches  
 Serve us instead of legs and hanches,  
 It is a *Hill* to whose command,  
*Men walk by Sea and sail by Land.*

But what's our power unlesse we know it?  
 And knowledge what? unlesse we show it.

Behold the Knight who late did marry  
 The daughter of our *'pothecary*,  
 Hurried to durance like a stinkard,  
 By *Oswald Smith*, and *Borgia Clinkard*,  
 And him like to a *civil sheep*,  
 In *Gaole (Nice Statesmans pound)* they'l keep,

This said, you might have seen (for such is  
 The force of eloquence) their crutches  
*Indu'd with diligence* in th'eys and noses  
 Of such as had them, flames and roses,  
 Their *Nerves of Wyer* new heat makes limber,  
 And rage ev'n animates their timber.

Then as a pack of *Regian Hounds*  
 Pursuing ore the *Ilyrian grounds*  
 A *Tuscan Stag*, if in the wind  
 A flock of *Brescian sheep* they find,  
*Calabrian Swine*, or *Pagan Goats*,  
 In bloud they bath their *Cannon throats*,  
 And in the trembling entrails hasten  
 Their well experienc'd teeth to fasten,  
 With such *Croation* rage the stout  
 Grave Cripples did the Bailiffs rout.  
 Thus rescuing *Gondibers* they save him,  
 Then to a *Berkshire Coachman* gave him.

The Bailiffs being fled, or dead all,  
 The Knight pulls out an *antique medall*,  
 On the reverse whereof was graved,  
 Th' alliance betwixt *Christ* and *David*.  
 Quoth he of rescu'd *Knighthood* carry  
 This just reward, breach of *Cinny*,

} *Crosse and*  
 } *Harp.*

Or



Or *Belgian Brandewine* the *Vessel*  
 Wherewith the *Argonauts* of *Tescl*,  
 When *Mars* and *Neptune* them engager,  
 Inflame their flegmatick courages

He safe return'd here joy and mirth a-  
 bounded 'twixt *Astragon* and *Bircha*.  
 Thus leave we them in humour jolly :  
 Free from old *Roman Melancholy*.

*Thus far in the Authours own words,*  
*Now a little in his own way.*

1. Sunk near his evening Region was the Sun,  
 (But though the Sun can near be said to sink ,  
 Yet when his beams from our dull eyes are run,  
 He of the Oceans moysture seems to drink.)  
 (And though the Ocean be as far remote  
 From him as we, yet such is the false light,  
 Or mortal eye, that though for truth we know'r,  
 We yet believe our own deceiving sight.)  
 (Nor without cause) for what our eyes behold  
 Unto our sence most evident hath been :  
 But still we doubt of things by others told,  
 (For Faith's the evident of things not seen.
2. When *Gondibert* and *Bircha* went to bed,  
 (For it the Custome was of *Lombard Brides*,  
 That on the day when they were married,  
 They never slept till *Sol* his visage hides.)  
 (For thou bright *Sol* doth never close his eyes,  
 When he resignes our hemisphere to night,  
*Bold r-thnicks* say, that he with *Thetis* lyes.  
 And make him but alay adulterous light )
3. The Posts were of *absterfive Ebony*,  
 (Though no *absterfiveness* in Posts we find,  
 In powder rane (the learned not deny)  
 It cleanses choler, and in pills breaks wind.)  
 (So when a Sword is forg'd of solid Steel,  
 It serves for nothing but to cut and wound,

But

But when to powder turned, *shy virgins* feel  
It cures green-sicknesse, and the spleen makes sound.

4. The Curtains in well-shadowed colours wrought,  
(For though old *Astragon* his child had bred  
To his own trade, yet something she was taught  
By her *Nice Mother* (who was *gravely dead*.)  
(His limbeck though the sooty Chymist broke  
As she past by (when out th' *Elixir* flew)  
And (though) as a grave modern Author spoke  
The power of Potion, Purge and Pill, she knew)  
(Yet something had she gain'd of female lore,  
Though much she was in med'cinal science skild,  
She and th' experienc'd maid had samplers store,  
And could the needle or the distaff weild.)

5. The sheets so nicely fine, none could have  
Them spun from courſe *Batawian Freifters* toyls,  
But by the fingers of *Arachne* wrought,  
From the most subtile of the *Silkwormes* spoyles.  
There *Biritha* lay, but when the Knight drew nigh,  
She seem'd to fly from what she long'd t'enjoy,  
Orna her self was not then she more shie,  
Gartha more nice, nor *Kodalind* more coy.

But when great *Natures* office was unſeal'd } *A womans*  
Then through *Loves* limbeck his elixar flew } *womb*.  
Motion and heat, things stiff as if congeal'd,  
Dissolv'd to *Amber* juas, and *Rainbow* dew.

### TO DAPANE.

*On his Imcomparable In omprehensible Poem*

GONDIBERT.

C Hear up small Wits; now you shall crowned be;  
*Daphne* himself is turn'd into a tree.

(Nor think it strange, for our great Author can  
Clap stones to *Hirmigil*. and make her Man:)  
Go gather sprigs, nor can you strip him bare,  
For all the ancient Wreaths fall to his share.  
Poor *Homer's* eyes by his *unshaded* lights

Again

Again put out, who bids the world Good-night,  
 And is as much eclips'd by one more blind,  
 As is his by our new *Hectors* out-shin'd :  
*Virgil*, thou hast no Wit, and *Naso* is  
 More show of *Will*, then is *W.L.*'s Nose of his ;  
 Can silence *Tasso*, and the *Fairy Queen*,  
 Thou all by *Will* unread and most unseen.  
 Nor shall we ere hear more of great *Tom-Thumb*,  
 For *Gondibert* and *Oswald* strike all dumb  
 Thus then secur'd, thy Babe shall not miscarry,  
 Since all do bow to *Fames Fine Secretary*.  
 So have I heard the great *Leviathan*,  
 Let me speak true, and not bely a man,  
 Reign in the Deep and with tyrannick Power  
 Both Costick *Cidd*, and squallid *Sprais* devour.

An Essay in Explanation of Mr. *Hobbs*, where  
 he tells the Authour,

*The Vertues you distribute there among so many  
 Noble persons, represent the Image but of one  
 Mans Vertue to my Fancy, which is your own.*

### CANTO I.

1.

OF all Ill Poets by their *Lumber* known,  
 Who nere *Fam*'s favour wore, yet sought them long,  
*Sir Daphne* gives precedency to none,  
 And breeds most businesse for a *posterious Song*.

2.

From untaught Childhood, to mistaking Man,  
 An ill performing Agent to the Stage;  
 With *Albovin* in *Lumber* he began,  
 With *Gondibert* in *Lumber* ends his rage.

3.

Rime was his studied Art; Rime which was bad;  
 Rime meant for charms to keep th'devil in aw;  
 Rime which with *Fustian* lin'd, and *Nonsense* clad,  
 More needfull is, then Finger, Shirt or Straw.

To

4.

To conquer Reason, Nature's common gift,  
 Fein'd Art, sophist'cated Rime devis'd,  
 While those who cannot their weak judgements lift  
 To discern sense, and with hard words surpris'd.

5.

Yet Laws of Verse rescue but doubtfully  
 From one ill Poet all good Poets fame;  
 Till against Rime, the wise Rimes help apply,  
 Which soberly tells *Will* he is to blame.

### On GONDIERT.

CLOSE-stools thus made by *Astragon* we have,  
 That will both finger, drugs, and paper save;  
 On stool of Ebony, O Reader sit,  
 Or else poor *Gondibert* will be besit:  
 For things *absterfive* will avail,  
 As well to purge, as wipe the Taile.

### The Poets Hot-Cockles.

THUS Poets passing time away,  
 Like Children at Hot-Cockles play;  
 All strike by turn, and *Will* is strook,  
 (And he lies down that writes a Book.)  
 Have at thee *Will*, for now I come,  
 Spread thy hand faire upon thy Bomb,  
 For thy much insolence, bold *Bard*,  
 And little sense I strike thus hard.  
 Whose hand was that? 'twas *laffer Mayne*;  
 Nay there you're out, lie down again.  
 With *Gondibert*, Preface and all  
 See where the *Doctor* comes to maul  
 The *A*. thours hand, 't will make him reel;  
 No, *Will* lies still and does not feel;  
 That Book's so light, 'tis all one whether  
 You strike with that, or with a Feather;

But

But room for one new come to Town,  
 That strikes so hard he'll knock him down:  
 The hand he knows since it the place.  
 Has toucht more tender then his face.  
 Important Sher ff, now thou ly'ft down  
 We'll kifs thy Hands, and Clap our own.

Preface, page 25. That his writings are adapted to an  
 easie musicall Singer, which the Reader may judge  
 by these following Verses.

Oswald, Paradin, Rodalind, Hugo, Hubert, Atribert,  
 Hurgonil, Astolpho, Borgia, Goliba, Tibalt.  
 Croatian, Lombards, Humus, Vasco, Dargonet, Orna,  
 Astragon, Hermogild, Alfinor, Orgo, Thula,

Epithetes that will serve for any Substantives, either in  
 this part or the next.

Nice, Wise, Important, Eager, Grave, Busy, Recorded,  
 Ancient, Absterfue, Sbie Roman, Experienc'd.

Upon the Authors writing his name ( as in the  
 Title of his Book ) D'avenant.

AS severall Cities made their claim  
 Of Homers birth to have the same;  
 So after ages will not want  
 Towns claiming to be *Avenant*.  
 Great doubt there is, where now it lies,  
 Whether in *Lombard* or the *Skies*.  
 Some say by *Avenant* no place is meant,  
 And that this *Lombard* is without descent;  
 And as by *Bilke* men mean ther's nothing there,  
 So come from *Avenant*, means from *No where*.  
 Thus Will intending *D'Avenant* to grace  
 Has made a Notch in's name like that in's face.  
 Fatter it were the Author of *Harrigo*,  
 Had styl'd himself *Daphne D'Avenantigo*.

F I N I S.

THE

Incomparable Poem

GONDIBERT.

VINDICATED

From the VVit-Combats

OF

Four E S Q U I R E S,

*Clinias, Dametas, Sancho, and  
Iack Pudding.*

---

Χοτεῖ καὶ αἰσίλος αἰίσω.

Varum quoque gratia rara est.

*Anglice,*

One Wit-Brother,

Envies another.

---

Printed in the Year, 1653.



To Sir William Davenant.

**P**ardon (fam'd Sir) if in th' Adventures  
Against these Cyclops, and Wit-Centaures,  
(Or Hydra's rather, for they can  
Spring at a Club each man his man,  
Seconds in Draull, and Seconds unto none.)

Thy yet unhurt Reputation:  
By me than them should suffer farther,  
There, by Wit-slaughter, here, Wit-murder.

Of small acquaintance as e're writ,  
I am onely known unto thy wit;  
That's small enough, will *Denham* say,  
And *Jack Donne* swear, upon the day,  
When at the arraignment of the Wits,  
There spleen 'gainst *D'avenant* pasquils spits.

There sits *Jack Straw* as eldest Bencher,  
And spends no money but his censure;  
He layes the Book, sets *Sack* and *Clarrer*,  
And with his Quibbles doth pay for it.

Not thy Book onely, but each Poem,  
This Wit-Committee doth cite to'em;  
Thy Hor-cockler for something written,  
By these Bumme-bayliffs hath been bitten.

But you, my friend, (not *Gondiberts*)  
Forbear your Sarcaſmes and your flirts;  
For if you play the Cynick still,  
And bite so hard my Knighted Will,  
My Woodstreet Doctor, (not a Wooden)  
A sure dissecter, and a good one,  
With hand accusom'd to knife keen,  
Shall quaintly firk away your Spleen.  
So that you shall not bite, nor raile,  
But like kind Puppies shake your taile.

This



This may be Donne, for I have seen  
 A Barker's, that's a Cynicks Spleen  
 Pch' Doctors box. ( Snarlers ) 'tis true,  
 The Curre's as crank as any of you,  
 And frisks and fitchets up and down,  
 As you, to all the Clubs o th' Town.  
 All alike living by mishaps,  
 ( What falls from table ) poor VVir scraps,  
 will shew thy face ( he't what it will )  
 VVe'l push 'um yet a quill for quill,  
 And let the world at latter loose ;  
 Judge which was taken for a Goose.

*Upon the misplaced Answer upon the  
 Preface of Gondibert.*

*Lasciva est nobis Pagina, vita proba.*

I Know the reason, and 'tis pat,  
 I Why none of you do english that.  
 Nor will I, friends, for all our wrongs  
 Should be objected in hard tongues.

*Ergo.*

*Lasciva est vobis Pagina, vita proba.*

—— You have found it ; *pro in proba* ( if there be  
 any such Adjective ) is long, it was a purpose made  
 so, it is according to your life, so it is all your life  
 long.

Now after that nose in Prose,  
 to the Verses.

Just at the threshold pray you look,  
 Preface, you say, is nose to Book :  
 Very familiar sure are those  
 We suffer to play with our nose,  
 But chief at sharp with pin, or prickle :  
 Yet these are Strawes, but Strawes will tickle.

*On the Preface.*

Room for the best of Poets——jolt,  
 ( This is the first Wit-thunder-bolt. )

The Sheriff's Verses must amate us,  
 They are the *posse comitatus*.  
 And those that follow in this List-all,  
 Are all his men, with nere a Pistoll.  
 Unlesse for Cales wide as Poulton's,  
 Perchance each man may have Paul Coulton's.

What, doth he baffle Hobs the Nathan?  
 Hook in, old boy, thy *Leviathan*.  
 The Wits they grant, though one turnes Coat,  
 And writes now *Contra*, that *Pro* wrote,  
 We do not take that much in snuff,  
 He's still oth' weakest, Penne, or Buffe.

But what if *will* a censure made-a  
 O'th' Poets? he but did as *Strada*.  
 So did old Ben, our grand Wits master,  
 In this Play called *Poetaster*.

The odds is ours, we are the higher,  
 We are *Knight Lauriat*, Ben the *Squire*.

Upon my conscience you wrong  
 Our Knight, that he should hate the Tongue  
 Of either Author, for 'tis sed  
 Those Languages ne're hurt his head.  
 You know full well the Latian  
 Is routed in our Nation:  
 And why such stir for heathen Greek?  
 Is't not enough brisk French to speak?  
 Italian brave my Sign'ora,  
 It sounds as high as you can rore a.

He never miss'd at nose of *Uvid*,  
 But lov'd the nose so well approved.  
 Of the Court-Ladies. Handy, dandy,  
 They both were spoyl'd by Art *D'Amandi*:  
 You think they feign, that is, they lie,  
 That spake of *Gonaibert* so high.

If that their Verses were much taller,  
 Waller had since out Goidid Waller.

Why do you bite, you men of Fangs?  
 That is, of Teeth that forward hangs)

And

And charge my dear *Ephesion*  
 With want of Meat ? you want Digestion.  
 VVe Poets use not so to do,  
 To find men Meat, and Stomachs too.

That is a good capacity,  
 If you want that the more's the pity.  
 You have the Book, you have the House,  
 And mumme (good *Jack*) and catch the Mouse.

The Knight's return'd, your censures vanish,  
 And takes no Dungus, but good Spanish.

*The Author doth not put in Mun—because  
 it is the abbreviation, or nick of his own  
 name.*

Now with *Virginia* twit's no more,  
 The Slaves are dead, we do deplore :  
 And leave I pray, your fierce *Barvados*,  
 Slife you will end else in *Barbados*.

To Sir William D'avenant.

AFTER so many poorer scraps  
 Of Playes, which nere had the mishaps,  
 To passe the Stage without their claps.

2. When thou hadst past the Pikes, and wert  
 Thy self a royall *Gondibert*,

A Soldate, then a Statesman pert.

3. There so improv'd, and grown so able,  
 Thou'rt fit for War, or Council-table,  
 Could'st thou be brought to penne a Fable ?

4. Could (Knight) thy emerited fancy,  
 After so high dispatch beyond-sea ;  
 Stoop to contrive this rare *Romancy* ?

5. Which all Romances must adore,  
*Arcadia* bow, and *Eglamore*,  
 And all since written, and before.

6. Thy first penn'd *Albovin* must lie,  
 Forgotten in his *Lumbards*,  
 For *Gondibert* is only high.

7. This *Gondibert*, and so the Author,  
Is lik'd by King, and by King's daughter,  
It makes them serious, and makes laughter.

8. He that hath swing'd the Prince of *Condi*,  
And beat him to a hole, like *Lundie*,  
(Better imployment send him one day.)

9. When that he's weary of the Launce,  
And hunting Rebels out of France,  
In *Gondibert* his thoughts advance.

10. And sighs, perchance, with watry fluces,  
To see the Red-rose serve the Luces,  
But (*Will*) the world is all abuses.

11. Thou'rt read translated in French Court,  
The Diuel himself doth well report,  
All but these Quiblers thank thee for't.

12. When Princes Battel joyn, and hurt,  
Are farre remov'd from friends at Court,  
Their Chirurgion then is *Gondibert*.

13. A leaf of thee but read, will stench  
The blood as well as any French  
Chi'rgion, or Chirurgion's wench.

14. Here Ladies may a simpling go,  
*Iohnson*, *Gerrard* do not shew  
A greater Betany to view.

15. Translate no longer for our *Leabs*,  
(Good *Pe per*) our *Pharmacopæas*,  
Of Herbals here's the prime Ideas.

16. Thou art the publique *Icon morum*,  
The Ladies lay the Book before'um,  
And *Plexander*'s not o'th' *Quorum*.

17. Before they treat a Lord, a part  
Of thee is read, or got by heart,  
They'r catechis'd in *Gondibert*.

18. And if they lose the Virgin-name,  
They onely say in joyfull shame,  
Sweet *Gondibert* thou wert to blame.

19. Their

19. Their paines and throwes in this do please,  
When that in Parsley-bed it sees.

*Bully-Gondibert iades.*

20. Then let these Rimers now approve,  
And say thou art their last above.

*Princes fight by thee, and Queens love.*

*Vpon the continuation of Gondibert.*

O *Vid* to *Patmos* pris'ner sent,  
His Book to *Rome* without him went:  
And though that *D'avenant* was confin'd,  
The world to *Gondibert* was kind;  
And by his worth so pleaded we,  
See *Gondibert* see *D'avenant* free.  
The power that laid the man by th'heelles,  
Took bayle of's feet for all the ill.  
His *Habeas Corpus* now is granted;  
(Prethee no more of a nose scanted.)

And why good Knight are we severe,  
Because we would the Stages cleare  
Of Gods in voak'd; and *P. gasu*?  
Abuse us still good Poet thus.  
How gallant *Masse* grown of late,  
As if the man were *Massey-plate*?

But how could ever *Gyges* ring,  
Have hoysted *Davenant* on the wing,  
When that the ring did not convey,  
But keep invisible, we say,  
The person on the place, is worse,  
The rings mistook for *Parolets* horse.

He lay not there, no not an houre,  
No sooner was thy work at *Tower*,  
But *Davenant* was releas'd, we know it,  
The man was pardon'd for the Poet.  
But how comes *Daphne* in? It follows,  
*Daphnes* are alwayes neer *Apollos*.

The muses, we know are such  
 The Tower can't hold, but that do's much,  
 Nay the *Muse* holds our Muses now,  
 Scarce your prime Wit can scape; yet how,  
 'Ile tell you, may be safe from danger,  
 Write as you doe *sans* wit in anger.

Friend, If you have indeed abus'd,  
 Homer and *Virgil* as accus'd,  
 Let these withdraw the action,  
 And make them satisfaction,  
 (For *Gondibert*, I nere did see;  
 The Book, my friends, too dear for me.)

How come you now to offend the *Bard*  
 Of lofty fame, and name full hard?  
 Bold Britains, they, and won't indure,  
 But my Lord *Bard* is for thee sure.  
 Let all the mountaines meet upon't,  
 They'l yeild to *Bard* and *Bellamont*.

I thought that Nose must be i'th' Verse,  
 Though i'th' fag end, i'th' very A——.  
 Wash thee in Avon, if thou flie,  
 My wary *Davenant* so high,  
 Yet *Hypernaso* now you shall  
 O're fly this Goose so Capitall.

Your colours will not hold the rather,  
 Expung'd by one that drinks of neither  
 And yet no kin to Iohn Taylor

*The Author upon himself.*

**F**alse as foolish! What turn *felo de me*?

*Davenant* kill *Davenant*?

No, the whole world doth see

My *Gondibert*.

To be a piece of Art.

*Waller* and *Comley* true have prais'd my book,

And deservedly,

Nay I did for it look;

He



He both us robbes,  
 That blames for *this* old Hobs.  
 Write on (jeer'd Will) and write in Panfollie,  
 That's over Pumphe,  
 And for Will Crofts his baffle,  
 Thou maist long write,  
 That writ'st to them that shite.  
 Knight hold *thy* nose at this.  
 One *Tetrastich* to wipe his *vesifyer*  
 Met at the Common shoar, thee and Will Crofts,  
 I send you *Ieffery* to cleanse what's soft:  
 Be it in head, can't he poor dwarf assaile,  
 But he will reach, to whip you in the taile.

Room, room for a leather finger,  
 Pretends to be a triple finger.  
 On three feet, or to a third finger.

Who can Sufficiently prepare'um  
 'Gainst men of *trium literarum*?  
 Who'l fall like those that rose at *Satum*.

1. In triple rimes I thank a Kater,  
 Who writes as if he were my Mater,  
 But proves a most *Fraternus Frater*.
2. You erre my Cautious friend in Planets,  
 As in abusing of my Sonnets.  
 The Swannes above, Geese vaile your Bonnets.
3. Tis right (you say) 'twas hard in France,  
 Ten pound for a good work t'advance,  
 You got it friend, (but for a dance.)
4. What like thy self, still souc'd in Ale,  
 Abhorring all that's sharp and stale?  
 You'l find me salt Both head and taile,

Indor'sd *Tib-be*, and seal'd with  
 the cælature of the four-tas-  
 sel'd Cap.

Vpon



## Upon fighting Will.

**M**ust all be Fighters that do follow Camps,  
 It was not so, my friends, not at *Ea' Camps*.  
 He that bought Armes, and boldly cross'd the Maine  
 Did honour, sure, in that adventure gain.  
 Who deserves most, the man that is well bang'd?  
 For King? or he that ventures to be hang'd?  
 Now Impudence, thou'rt up with old disgrace,  
 Better to want some nose, than want a face.  
*Caro de carne* mine is still as 'twas,  
 When thine of flesh is batter'd into brasse.  
 Where Kings have favour'd do not thou blaspheme,  
 I only do amand that Sacred Theme.  
*Will*, like a Basilisk, did ride and flie,  
 And like a *Regulus*, bold *will* will die.

In *Pugnacem Daphnem*.

Num Latin—as hīc?

**P**er mare, per terras, Regi obsequiosus aravi,  
*Neptunus seduces, Arma verumque vehit.*  
*Belgia me sensit, retuli unde ipse Leoncs.*  
*Sensit Bombardus Anglica terra meus.*  
*Hinc ordo (nam gaudet equo Neptunus) equestris,*  
*Et poterat Parmum nobilitare Leo.*  
*Scilicet ——— & verus Campi Basiliscus ad ibam,*  
*Bombardet gens ab tum Basiliscus erat.*  
*Testis abest Fateor, jam Functo feste Meipso,*  
*Calcar adest tamen, & Fama superbes erit.*

Ad eundem, Law case.

*Leye ulpianum inter Fo. Oakum vel Quercenum & Fo:*  
*Novi stili. ff. ff. ff. ff. in. De abluendo.*  
*Cerebro parag. Tu enim, vel Codrus.*

*Crambe bis repetita nolo reponere*  
*Scribe nova.*

In *Daphnem Crusidicum*.

**A**ll are not Martyr Souldiers, blood and goare,  
 To will to fight is Souldier-confessor,

And

And does defie his sawcy hand and pen,  
That saies he ere turn'd back to any men.

The Nose again ! o how they plunge that scoffe !  
If th'ad been whole, they would have rubb'd it off.

A little man, a man you may suppose,  
As much in justice to a ( little ) Nose.  
For, with the honour'd remnant that he beares  
We take in snuff, these often crambed jeeres,  
He give you ( Pokins ) leave to be nasute,  
It is enough for us to be acute.

And 'cause I will in equity dispose,  
You shall *Ana-eares* unto your nose.

*The Poet is angry, because censur'd by one  
he knows not.*

Some men have known some man, some men before :  
Ha well done *Jack*, 'twas like be seen no more.

'Tis speciall to be known, not know agen.  
But prethee tell, who was *Jack Pudding* then ?

*Titulus Compitis Londini cum Licentia  
imponendus.*

Quid dignum tanto foret hic promissor biatu ?

Quantum ad Epistolæ sonum videtur esse exhibitoris Tumulo-  
rum apud *Westmonasterium*, adeo illi digirus *Mercurialis*, &  
vox Stentorta, quid ni rude *Donatus* ! tunc *Monstrorum* remon-  
strator. Monumentis ipsis statua major es, & præter teipsum ( id  
est ) magistrum spectaculorum grandius monstrum nulla ætas iu-  
rum videt : Quid *Cattium Bickitterianum* nominas abi ad ri-  
pam, & cum simili ( Die quolibet *Iovis* ) te ostenta. Tunc *Ele-  
phantos*, *Tigridasque* loqueris ? Cedunt miracula, *Asinus* locu-  
tus est.

*Suscitasti* ( *Stives* ) Ceterum pro navibus sales, ignem sulphur e-  
vomentem : *Abite Pelamides*. ( Ne forte non intelligeretur ) vo-  
cabulum ) *Anglice*, ( *Pluse-mouth'd fellows* ).

Adest *Leviathan* sed *Hobbianus*, non *Hobgoblianus*.  
*America* datum 13. mense *Aprilis*  
*Platonici*. 1606. Anno *Bestia*.

*Est Tibi vala.*

*Upon the Authour.*

*Daphne* secure of the buff,  
Prethee laugh,

Yet

Yet at these four, and their stiff raff,  
Who can hold,  
When so bold;

And the trim wit of Coopers green hill,  
Should piss now in every common squires quill,  
And his old prais'd Faces kill,

*Denham* thou'lt be shrewdly shent,  
To invent,

Such Drawlery for merriment;

And tak't a heart

To bear a part,

With three of most unequall pitifull fir,

Not fit to be enter'd in the grave Wit-quire,

A drawing *Donne* out of the mire.

*Canto the second, or rather cento the first.*

**A**ll in the Land of *Bembo*, and of *Bubb*,  
*Frank Harris* help me, on this pocky rub.  
How shall we do now Iack a doggs is dead  
To get *Tom Coyne* decent buried.

'Tis fit the man that travell'd had so much,  
And rode o stride the vessel in High Dutch.  
Should have a place to lay his' ead, if he  
Were but dead drunk, as he was used to be.  
Is there no Art ho; nor Commencement nigh;

Mutton I smell, Vacation Pullets ply,

Toward *Trumpington*, and *Shortover*, a hill,

Near *Bellofye*, hath at each end a Mill.

But what news from *America*? Dosttold,

We shall have both our pockets full of Gold,

To buy us Turke-pies, alas'tis hot;

Good Iack supply the Club, and give's a Pot.

Does not that Gentleman upon the Bench

Love Smoke nor Sack; then let him have a wench.

All palates pleas'd, a Stot w'l' eat no Swine,

Men will eat men, Reckabites drink no Wine.

Hey day! and where are we; what all-a-mort;

I thought we had been jeering *Gondibert*.

What is all this; protest 'tis wondrous good,

But better it were or, if understood.

Now 'tis as plain as nose not in my face,

When that I rose from stool, I lost my place.

Then face about, or in more homely geere,

Noses revert, be where your Anses were.

'Uds Fish and Eggs ! that is no swearing yet,  
What shall we do ? we'r in a deadly swear.

We have got, In *Ano* Feavor. Good Kings Daughter  
Set on a Posnet, make some Parley water :

Or, if you please, Panada make in skellit ;  
Let not men of nose come near, they'l smell it.

And let it boyle three pints unto a half,  
Then let it coole, and give't a *Durham* Calf ;  
Or these *Calabrian* Swine, or *Padan* Goats,  
But be ye sure ( sweet Princess ) of your Coats :

O tie,um up behind, or skewit tuck'um,  
For fear these Lads from off your Buttocks pluck'um  
O arm your self, for they're adventrous fellows,  
And commonly stav'd off with Tongs or Bellows.

Or break their heads with some good Cherry-stone,  
'Twill beat them off the pit 'tis ten to one.

Though they be cruel Cockers, strike, they are marr'd  
And wil' run out, and not a man die hard.

Bu if they should hold, *Astragon* has Cyst'r,  
Bur pray what he with Owl upon his fist here ?

O 'tis a present to be shared 'twixt four !

The Iffles and the Hood to two, no more :

The Eyes and Beak to two—it is fit. This have we  
For our old Fustian, your new made Poll Davie.

*Thus farre out of our wits,  
now let's be in our senses.*

1. The Sun was sunk into the watry lap.  
Of her commands the waves, and weary there,  
Of his long journey, took a pleasing nap  
To ease his each daies travels all the year.
2. *Zanthus* is safely said forrage to yield,  
For his bright Coursers with their flaming hoofs,  
( No, no, *Elisium* is too bare a field )  
They quarter where they run, in the same roofs.
3. Yet do they seem to rest, that is, are fled,  
From th'inclosure of our Hemisphere ;  
And to be down, we say, is gone to bed,  
But they do lie, in truth, we know not where.

4. When *Gondibert* and *Bircha* joy'd that night,  
And reap'd the pleasure of expectant Brides.  
They did not sleep, nor would they, if they might,  
But kept the *Sphialtes* from her strider.
  5. Forbear to speak the rest, the modest Bed,  
Did shake to think what then was got and lost;  
The Curtaines blush'd, that is, were very red,  
While she was chaw'd, that still that night was frost.
  6. Old *Astr* gon, as Fathers gladly use,  
A Caudle brought next morning early,  
And joy'd his daughter, but she could not choose  
But snob, and make it richer, that is, Pearly.
  7. Not that she wopt 'cause she had chang'd her name,  
But teares, you know with them, are too too common.  
It was to Think what time sh' had lost, and blames  
Her self; she had no sooner put on Woman.  
*I am beholding, but not to this D. Donne  
for that.*
- Stout *Gondibert* grown stiffer by those teares,  
For she imbrac'd the Man, that invers'd Tree,  
So that for certain he nere hung his eares,  
But thrash'd, and took for a Walnut, *Bircha* sh:z  
Where is the Fustian and the Bombast;  
In your own Doublets, sure compleat.

To *Daphne* on his incomparable (and by the *Crisick*  
*incomprehended*) Poem, *Gondibert*.

**C**Hear up dear friend, a Laureat thou must be,  
Nay, in this name entituled to the Tree  
Gather (you Infant-wits) loose Bayes from hence,  
And weare it when you write like him, high sense.  
*Homer* would wish his eyes again, to see  
To mend his Verses by thy Poetry.  
Nor would the *Chester*, and smooth *Mantuan*,  
Deny the praises of so brave a Man.  
Rather if living, he would D'*avenant* sing,  
And in alternate muse thy merit ring.  
*Ovid* would be so far from mind of those,  
(that he would gladly lend thee part of's nose,  
Sad of thy least Defect) and spight of us,  
For thee would write a new *De Tristibus*.  
*Tasso* and *Petrarch*, and his *Lauva* too,  
Will throw off Modesty, and the Bayes wooe,  
*Apollo* call a Counsell, make an A&.  
And let their Verses with the Cords be packt.  
And their four names be plac'd, but never higher,  
On the four Toms, of which the Club is Squire.

Whilst

Whilst thou whale *Gondibert* shalt feast, thy dish.  
Such as these, shabs, shurks, sea-calfs, and sword fish.  
Let the whole shoale of lesser Pamphlets swim,  
As the Wit fyre. Secur'd alone in him.

*An Essay in explanation to Mr. Hobbs, &c.*

*Cantab. the second.*

- I**ll Men and Poets, are by number known,  
Fit to consume (qd. he) both Corn and Wine;  
Then judge which is the bad, her's four for one,  
Foul play in verse my friends. But give 'um line.
2. O hopefull *Inigo*, towardly old man,  
That know'st so much, that *Daphne* nere knew letter,  
*Oxford* him bred, *Paris* brought up. Who can s  
(And the Globe clapt his Playes;) who can do better?
3. Rime, feet of Reason, was his studied Art,  
Rimes that are grasp'd by you in Divels claw,  
Rimes *Lycambaan*, full of Salt and Tar —  
Tar that will burn the fingers, shirt and straw.
4. To sublime Reason, Nature's inmate, Art,  
Did Rimes as Varnish to her house devise,  
Rubbish lies under the rar'd plaister-part,  
That is rough reason couch'd but not so sh' wise.
5. Now since the Law must clear both us and you  
Your neck verses per chance y' have had already,  
For the first fautes, you know we hang but few;  
Then take the book and read and old Nick speed ye.

*On Gondibert.*

**C**lap on thy Close stoole apted for A ———  
Upon thy head, and march a rare mock *Mars*,  
How strong the Poet smells! good Sir impart;  
Did you not slice at name of *Gondibert*?  
With your own verses cleanse your tripe:  
(A proper taile-clout) wipe for wipe.

*Cockle de-moys for the Poets Hot-cockles.*

**H**ot-cockles are but childrens toyes,  
No more, my friends, are *Cockle de-moys*.  
We'll play at both; but who shall lie?  
Recantard Poem late wrote high,  
Amount unto a Book. Lie faire you,  
As you did lately, and Ile spare you.  
Reach me a *Fernla* perhaps  
The clawing hand slights our first claps.  
For wearing Buff, but never fighting,  
Fouling Paper in the writing  
For whatsoere y have donne be ———.

Smel]



Smell to my hand Sir, what, so coy?  
Close, 'tis best a-Coele-de-moy.

Come *Donne*, come neerer with your nose;

How nice 'tis but to pluck a Rose.

Better do thus, then go toth' Crowes.

Has *Denham* smelt? He's very ill;

Lethim be breath'd on *Cooper's* hill.

Draw neer (you fourth *Rhinoceros*)

Tis for your Verses and your Prose.

While it was made, I chanced to whistle;

That take too, for your learned Epistle.

If Mr Sheriff your Wits did stir up:

That is two scruples more of Syrup.

In Physick Ile requite your pains,

And thank you all my K. in grains.

If *Astragon* hath not enough,

*Tantablin* shall afford you stuff.

What is here, Church

*Gaudus* without Organs?

*Blomesbury*, S. *Katharine's*, *Coven't*, cum *Finsbury* Garden,

Canon, no *Christ-Church*, *Veneray Bancker*, *Aclap*.

Epithites that will serve foure

Appellative, and four proper Nouns,

or more.

Drolling, Insipid, Sarcustick, Damned, Heroick,

Lumbery, Bombasted, Fastid, Mauty, Pecking.

*Vpon the Authors writing his name, as in the Title*  
*of the Book, D'Avenant.*

**Y**our Wits have further, then you rode,  
You needed nor to have gone abroad.

*D'avenant* from *Avon*, comes,

Rivers are still the *Muses* Rooms.

*Dove*, knows our name. no more Durt on't;

An't be bur' for that *D'avenant*.

2. And when such people are restor'd,

(A thing belov'd by none that whor'd)

My noches then may not appeare,

The gift of healing will be neer.

Mean while Ile seeke some *Panax* (salve of Clowns)

Shall heal the wanton Issues, and cracke Cromns.

I will conclude, Farewell With Squirry *Fegos*

And drolling gasmen *Wal Den-De-Donne-Deo*.

FINIS.



The Loves of  
**HERO**  
AND  
**LEANDER:**  
A mock Poem:  
WITH  
Marginal Notes, and other choice Pieces  
OF  
**DROLLERY.**

Got by heart, and often repeated by divers  
witty Gentlemen and Ladies, that use  
to walk in the *New Exchange*, and at their re-  
creations in *Hide Park*.

---

*Ut Nectar Ingenium.*

---

Printed at *London*, 1653.

The Journal

HER

AND

LEANDER

THE

of the North and South Seas

DE GRUYTER

Got. 1800, and 1801, by divers  
and Gentlemen, and I  
to the North and South Seas  
and the North and South Seas

W. D. G.

Printed at



*The famous Greek and Asian story,  
Of honor'd Male and Female glory.  
Know all, I value this rich Gem,  
With any piece of C. J. M.  
Nay more then so, I'll go no less,  
Then any scrips of Friends, J. S.*

*This was  
the Au-  
thors Pro-  
logue.*

*Of young Leander, and of Hero,  
I now begin ; Dum Spiro, Spero.*



*LEANDER being fresh and gay, His haire  
As is the leek, or green popey; ~~was not~~  
Upon a morn both cleat and ~~poward.~~  
bright,  
When Phœbus rose and had  
bedight*

*Himself with all his Golden rayes;  
And pretty birds did perch on sprays :*

*B*

*When*

When Marigolds did spread their leaves,  
 And men begin to button sleeves;  
 Then young *Leander* all forlorn,  
 As from the Oak drops the acorn ;  
 So from his weary bed he slipt ,  
 Or like a School-boy newly whipt ;  
 But with a look as blithe to see,  
 As cherry ripe on top of tree :  
 So, forth he goes and makes no stand,  
 With Crab-tree Cudgel in his hand.

He had not gone a mile or two,

*Note here every thing is the worse for wearing.* But gravel got into his shoe :  
 He set him down upon a bank,  
 To dry his foot, and rest his shank,  
 And so with finger put in shoe,  
 He pul'd out dirt and gravel too.

This was about the wast of day:

*All men cannot be Schollars.* The middle, as the vulgar say.  
 Fair *Hero*, walking with her Maid,  
 To do the thing cannot be staid,  
 Spi'd young *Leander* lying so,  
 With pretty finger picking toe.

She thought it strange to see a man  
 In privy walk, and then anan,

She

She stept behind a Pop'ring tree,  
 And listned for some Novelty:  
 Leander having clear'd his throat,  
 Began to sing this pleasant note.

*Oh, 'would I had my Love in Bed,  
 Though she were nere so fell;  
 I'de fright her with my Adders head,  
 Until I made her swell.  
 Oh Hero, Hero, pity me,  
 With a Dildo, Dildo, Dildo dee.*

Fair Hero 'gan to smile at this,  
 Leander rais'd 'gainst tree to piss,  
 \* He plucks me streight his Drabler out,  
 And with his arms claspt tree about:  
 O thus, quoth he, O thus——I coo'd,  
 Bobbing Rogero 'gainst the wood.

His Blind-worm Hero fair did see,  
 † His Curral head did lean 'gainst tree:  
 Which sight did make her sigh and sob,  
 To see how he 'gainst tree did bob:  
 She never lov'd him till that hour,  
 And him she will invite to Towre.

B 2

\* As any  
 may in  
 love may  
 do.

† It may  
 be called  
 Curral, in  
 respect of  
 rubbing of  
 Gums.

She

She

She sare her down to ease her joynts;  
 The Springal he unties his points.  
 Fair Hero noted him a while,  
 And prettily began to smile,  
 To see a comely youth and tall,  
 Could not hold that which needs must fall.

Now Hero fair had spi'd a vapour,  
 And sends her maid with piece of paper;  
 But he before the Maid did come,

\* As it  
 may be  
 Reader  
 thy self  
 hast done.

\* Had sav'd that labour with his thumb:  
 The Maid with blush turn'd back again,  
 Seeing her labour was in vain.  
 Leander having done his task,

And made an end ore hedg nine Lask,  
 He turn'd about, and made no bones,

† Observe  
 in this the  
 childish-  
 ness of a  
 Lover.

† But with stick, rack't for Cherry stones.  
 So as he stooped, he spi'd coming,  
 A gentle Nymph, whose pace was running.

He could not tell what to suppose,

\* Meaning  
 into his  
 Breeches.

\* But put up Shirt into his Hose:  
 Leander st reight did follow Maid,  
 Until he came where Hero laid.

Her cheek on hand, her arm on rump,  
 Her leg on grass, on mole-hil rump;

He

He with a gentle modest gace,  
 Plucking his Cap from off his Pate,  
 He thus bespake her, Lovely Pear,  
 Behold, with running how I sweat !  
 Oh, would I were that harmless stump,  
 Whereon thou lean'st; with that a thump  
 Brake from the inrails of his hose,  
*Hero* was fearful, dreading foes,  
 Seeing a Cannon 'gainst her bent,  
 That seem'd to level at his tent:  
*Leander* having felt the scape,  
 And spi'd the Maid to laugh and gape:  
 He then began to smell a Rat,  
 And stole his hand down under's Hat,  
*Hero* did note his *Roger* good,  
 And how couragiously it stood:  
 At length she asked him his name,  
 And wherefore that he thither came.  
 Quoth he, my dwelling is *Abides*,  
 † This is my walk Wednesdaies and Fridaies.  
 I love to see the Squirrils play,  
 With bow and bolt I them do fray.  
 My name is young *Leander* call'd,  
 My Father's rich, and yet hee's bald:

B 3

† True lo-  
 vers walk  
 on Fish-  
 daies.

Enough



Enough, quoth *Hero*, say no more,  
 Mum-budg, quoth he, 'twas known of yore.  
 Now *Heroes* love began to curdle,  
 She wisht his head under her girdle.  
 If so she had, I make no doubt,  
 But it would dash its own brains out;  
 And yet the *State* be nere the worse.  
 I may compare the head to purse,  
 Whose mouth is fastned to a string,  
 And if the knot she chance to wring,  
 The money white will issue out :

† *As one*  
*would say,*  
*Wide*  
*quoth*  
*Wallis,*  
*when his*  


---

*was*  
*in the*  
*Bed-*  
*straw.*

† He shoots most wide that hits the clout.  
 Now *Heroes* love could not be hid.  
 Come hither, love, 'tis I that bid.  
 Fear not, my Love, to taste my lip,  
 Imagine me to be thy Ship :  
 Guide thou the Rudder with thy hand,  
 And in my Poop fear not to stand:  
 Stand to thy tackle on the hatches,  
 Ny Gunner-room is free from matches :  
 Pull up my Sail to thy Main-yard,  
 My Compass use thou, and my Card :  
 Lay thou my anchor where thou please,  
 In broad, or in the narrow Seas ;

And

And though the foaming Ocean fret,  
 Thy anchor's safe, though it be wet.  
 Quoth she, close by fair *Sestos* stream,  
 (With that within her throat rose flegme)  
 Neer to that place there stands a Cloyster,  
 (Poor soul she coughs and voids an Oyfter)  
*Leander* stole his foot upon it,  
 And treads it out with vailed Bonnet,  
 She thanks *Leander* for his pains,  
 And for another softly strains:  
 Her choler laid, she said, mark well,  
 And understand what I thee tell:  
 Come then, my love, in twile of night,  
 The time when Owl and Bats take flight:  
 In lower window I will place,  
 A Taper bright as eyes in face;  
 Which light shall be thy load-star bright,  
 Through waves to guide thee in the night:  
 And with that word, like Ivy wound  
 About his neck, arms clasped round:  
*Venus* did nere more dote on *Don*,  
 Whose heat in love was cold as stone,  
 Then *Hero* did on springal young;  
 So down they fell together clung,

Not *Don*  
*Deigo*, she  
 hated a  
*Spaniard*.

Upon a Primeroſe hill moſt ſweet,  
 Their lips being joyn'd, their tongues did greer,  
 So high did grow the fragrant flowers,  
 Made freſh by youthful April ſhowres.  
 But when ſhe ſaw them lye ſo cloſe,  
 She put the flowers under her noſe:  
 And ſo approaching to the place,

*\* It ſeem-  
 ed they  
 made a  
 toil of a  
 pleaſure.* *\* Where they lay panting face to face ;*  
 So high did grow the herbs ſo ſweet,  
 That cover'd them from head to feet;  
 Her Maid then got into a tree,  
 Where plain ſhe might theſe Lovers ſee.

*† They are  
 called red  
 Worms,  
 becauſe  
 they creep  
 into holes.* *Leander found the watery brook,*  
 Where never fiſh was caught with hook,  
 Yet bobbing there had been good ſtore,  
*† With great red worms, ſome three or four.*  
 Oh, who hath ſeen a ſtrucken Deer,  
 Or from his eyes in water clear,

*\* A Med-  
 lar by the  
 Philoſo-  
 pher, is  
 thought to  
 be an O-  
 pen-Arſc.* *A dabled Duck with dirt bemir'd,*  
 So Hero lay with pleaſure tir'd.  
*\* On Medlar branch the Maid doth fit,*  
 One Medlar with a meany met ;  
 Though ſhe was there, there waſt to ſee,  
 Nothing but Medlars on the tree.

Wee'l

Wee'l leave the Maid upon a crotch,  
 Holding by hands, sitting on notch:  
 But the sweet sight did so intice,  
 That bough was met with her device.

*And now Leander gets him up,*

\* *And clos'd the acorn and the cup.*

His Cucko-pintle he did thrust  
 Into his Oxlip which was just,  
 His Batchelors button, strait as line,  
 Made way into her Columbine.

His hooded-hawk he then did bring her,  
 Which she receiv'd with Ladies finger:  
 His sprig of Time, her branch of Rue,  
 His Primerose, and her Violet blue.

*Leander lusty springal youth*

Did now retire, 'twas so in truth:

Who, like some youthful prodigal,

Must needs retire, having spent all.

He now returned to his friends,

Who him receiv'd with fingers ends.

The Maid was greedy, though but silly,  
 She thought too much went by her belly;  
 Oh, she was wrapt with that sweet sight,  
 That she did long to enter sight.

\* Which  
 cup Read-  
 er, thou  
 wouldst be  
 loath to  
 drink in.

By chance a Weaver passing by,  
 Looking aside, she did him spy.  
 Then as *Adonis* horse did fare,  
 When he beheld the Freez-land Mare,  
 Breaking his rains ty'd to a Tree,  
 And even as like as like may be,  
 Setting the runt of horse aside;

*Rubbish,* † Her rubbish did excel in pride.  
*Author* She looking earnest at the Weaver,  
*her for* The Medlar-branch sooth did deceive her.  
*see Mo-* Quoth she, alase! ah me, ah me!  
*rum.* What, was I born to fall from tree?  
 Her cloaths her head did canopy,  
 She was all bare from head to knee.  
 The man accurst, whose trade was scurvy,  
 Had thought the world had bin turn'd topsi-turvy.  
 Now he did tread as if on Eggs,  
 He saw a Medlar 'twixt her leggs:  
 I know not how they there did settle,  
 But in the Weaver got his Shettle:  
 Where we will leave Tom-trumpery,  
 To talk of other company.

*Leander* having fetcht his fees,  
 And *Hero* having covered knees.

Quoth

[ 11 ]

Quoth she, I know thou art no dodger,  
Sweet, have a care of trusty *Roger*,  
My Dear, quoth she, my Lover true,  
Remember what you from me drew :  
Remember you being full of quibblits,  
Remov'd your Hares-head from my gibblits.

With that afar off she gan spy,

\* A fellow running with one eye.

He wore, because his head was bald,  
An old hats crown which hid the scald.

His nose was crooked, long, and thin,

As sharp and long appear'd his chin ,

His eye-brows hung upon his cheeks ,

His head did grow like bed of Leeks.

His back did over-look his head,

One of his arms es door-nail dead :

His fingers wore for Liveries ,

Nails long as *Cupids* Quiver is:

Upon his back he wore coat blue.

His face would make a dog to sque :

His legs did go four wayes at once,

He was all skin, save some few bones.

Then *Hero* said, The weary hour

Is come for me to go to Towre.

\* He had  
one eye  
which did  
ever run.

Then

Then farewell Love, *Leander* said,  
 And strait she whistled for her Maid:  
 By this *John Hedghogg* drew him nigh,  
 For that his name was not to lye.  
 His one eye in her face did peer,  
 Quoth he, who'd thought t' have found you here?  
 Come, to your father you must go,  
*Leander* trod upon his toe.  
 And said, with biting of his thumb,  
 That you saw me, no words but mum:  
 So puts his hand to pocket twice,  
 And gave him two Cans, or the price:  
*Leander* could no longer keep her,  
 Away she goes with this hedg-creeper.  
 He now devis'd what course to take,  
 Fearing that Dough would be his Cake,  
 If it were known: So home he goes,  
 \* Passing the time in eating Slows.  
 His mind doth run on *Heroes* Lap,  
 At fathers door he now doth rap:  
 Which Porter hearing turns the lock,  
 With braxil staff, and comely Frock:  
 Where we will leave him for a while,  
 And unto *Hero* turn our stile.

Fair

\* Slow to  
 go from  
 love.



Fair *Hero* having past the Spont,  
 She now was come unto the Cont——  
 Tinent of *Sestos*, where she dwelt;  
 Her heart in passion 'gan to melt.  
 Unto the Tower close she took,  
 And with her finger did unhook  
 The Casement, looking forth on stream.  
 The Star-light 'gan on Flood to gleam:  
 For now brave *Titan* banisht was,  
 Now long leg'd Spiders creep on grass;  
 When Nightingales do sit and sing,  
 With prick 'gainst breast, and Fairies ring:  
 Two houres fill'd hath been the gye;  
 Men now begin to go to Rut:  
 When man in Rug doth cry in night;  
 Look well to locks and fire-light:  
 The time when *Thomas* with his team,  
 Doth lug out dung, and men 'gin dream:  
 When City Gates are shut, not open;  
 † And Dutch men cry, What all *A-sloven*.  
 About this-time fair *Hero* stood,  
 Watching *Leander* in the Flood.  
 She calls for Smock, and puts off foul,  
 Washing her parts with Sope in Bowl.

† Here the  
 Author  
 shewshim-  
 self a Lin-  
 guist.

Her

Her foot she washt, O pretty foot,  
 ( But yet I am not come unto't: )  
 Of knee she washt the comely pan,  
 And now I come unto't anan:

Her thighs she washt with veins so blue,

\* Pode,  
 or loves  
 limepit.

\* Her Pode likewise of sable hue :

Below the bottom of her belly,

Did grow a Toy; of shape most felly :

Though enough to make a child afeard,

Two Currall lips with a black beard.

And us that beast that's kept for breed,

Lets fly her water when sh<sup>e</sup> has need,

Which done, her Funnel she turns out and in,

Which was so like, as't the same had bin :

Here will we leave her nak'd as nail;

And to *Leander* turn our tale.

Forth from his Fathers house he went,

Much like a Bird-bolt being sent,

From Brazil Bow and trusty string,

With feathers of the Gray-goose wing.

He took him to a trusty rock,

And stript him to the ebon nock.

And being naked look't like *Mars*,

With purple scab upon his A——

The

The seam betwixt his Cod that went,  
 Seem'd like to *Cupids* bow unbent;  
 The Cod his quiver, where his arrows  
 Did hang, much like a nest of *Sparrows*.  
 But some may think this is a fable,  
 He was fring'd with hair from Nock to nav'le.  
 \* *Fego*, saith he, so forth he goes,  
 The gravel got between his toes.  
 Now fear'd he *Neptune* as a God,  
 Still running with his hand on Cod.  
 O who hath seen a wanton *Roe*,  
 Jump o're the Fearn, indeed even so  
 The lively Skip-Jack mounts and falls,  
 And still on *Hero*, *Hero*, calls.  
 Even with that word, with speedy motion,  
 He leaps into the foaming Ocean :  
 Th' enamoured Fishes 'bout him flock,  
 Some play in arm-holes, some in nock :  
*Endimions* love then shone outright ;  
 He spi'd in *Heroes* Tower a light :  
 And in the window looking out,  
 A lovely face, that seem'd to pout.  
 By this fair *Hero* might discrete,  
 Leanders head, but not his Stern,

\* *Fego* is  
 a word of  
 courage, as  
 we cry, *St*  
*George*.

That

That frisked underneath the waves:  
 And this is all that *Hero* craves,  
 To see himself within her bed,  
 Whom billows beat now on the head.  
*Leander* now turns on his back,  
 He yerks out legs and lets arms slack:

\* Here you must note, nothing can be bid from true love. \* But then above the water floated,  
 The true Loves-lump, which *Hero* noted.  
 Fair *Hero* had a goodly sight,  
 That could discern so far by night.  
 He was much troubled with a Shad,

That did pursue this lovely Lad :

† Here the Author pitieth *Leander*, and despiseth the Fish. † The envious fish did so torment him,  
 As had't been I, I should have shent him ;  
 And said, thou art a scabby fish,  
 To nibble at fair *Heroes* dish.  
*Hero* did note how he was troubled :

The water 'bout *Leander* bubbled:  
 She looks still forth, kneeling on Mats;  
*Foventus* meets a Shole of Sprats.  
 They him besiege on every side,  
 Betwixt his arms and legs they glide.  
*Neptune*, the dreadful God of Seas,  
 On whom did never stick March-Fleas.

Taking

Taking in hand his good Eele Spade,  
 Towards *Leander* streight he made :  
 The Shad and Shole of Sprats did flye,  
 At sight of *Neptunes* angry eye.  
 The God then turn'd him up-side down,  
 And veiw'd his parts from heel to crown :  
 He dally'd with his cline locks,  
 And bears him up from shelf and rocks.  
 His cheeks, his lips, his chin he kist,  
 No part of *Yonker Neptune* mist.  
 Now *Hero* of his love made doubt,  
 And wisht him there in yellow clour.  
 His thigh so white he still would feel,  
 Then he would kick with horn and heel.  
 Quoth *Neptune* then t' a buxsome Boy,  
 Nay, of my courting seem not coy.  
 Dost hear, live here my lovely Lad,  
 I'll give thee Cod, eat Dace and Shad ;  
 I am as great a God as *Mammon*,  
 Thou shalt have Ling, Poor John, and Sammon.  
 And if thou sayst thou wilt not blab,  
 \* Thou shalt have Lobster, Prawn and Crab.  
 I tell thee I am not Curmudgeon,  
 Thou shalt have Rotchet, Whiting, Gudgeon.

\* Being le-  
 cherous  
 meat.

The

The fish that is by Weavers eaten,

*Stock-fish.* That must be first with beetle beaten.

Of Knights heard never are more Dubbins,

Thou shalt have green-fish and their Gubbins :

I'll bring thee where thou shalt see Lig;

The lusty Oyster, Shrimp, and Grig;

Quoth he, thou swimmest without force,

And calls a Dolphin, mount this horse.

And when thy mind is somewhat laid,

Thou shalt arise 'gainst Tow'r of Maid.

For well I know thou'rt thither going;

For all thy grinning, mocks, and mowing :

I am, quoth he, if thou beest wrath,

Keep in thy breath to cool thy broth :

And so away from him he flies ;

\* And water stood in Neptunes eyes.

\* *Unkind-  
ness will*

But he again, quarrel to pick,

*force tears*

Said, 'bide with me; quoth he, ne nick.

*sometimes.*

With that the God, with ireful hand,

Cast young *Leander* on the sand:

Where we will leave him, to say sooth,

† *He had*

† Sucking his tongue with hollow tooth:

*the tooth-*

The Watch of *Sestos* Tow'r came down;

*ache.*

With Bill in hand, *Murriën* on Crown.

Rug-gown on back, Lanthorn in hand,  
 By two and two this rusty band,  
 Did take their way unto the Plat,  
 Whereas *Leander* naked sat.

These Sons of night did straight him spy,  
 Who's there, quoth one? quoth he, 'tis I;

'Tis I, quoth he, is that an answer?

It is, quoth he, wer't thou my Granfire:

The wisest of them then did scan,

And said, sure Neighbours 'tis meer man.

Nay said another, that's not so;

For this hath nails you see on Toe:

And meer man hath no feet but fins,

And this hath legs you see and shins.

Quoth one, to Sea I shall him hunt;

Speak if I shall; with that the Cunt——

——Stable thus spake, what words spake he,

I think, sayes one, some two or three;

Go then in peace, and strike him down,

Then forth steps one with bill so brown.

A sowre-ey'd Knave lapr up in rug,

For manners like your Western Pug.

His name forsooth, was cleiped *Wharton*,

He was ee'n born at good *Hogs-Norton*:



This Dormouse without wit or skill,  
 Ran at *Leander* with his bill.  
*Leander* lying on his face,  
 Not his back, Dunce running his race:  
 His hinder parts bore somewhat high,  
 Now was he come *Leander* nigh:  
 He lifts up bill to cleave a rock,  
 Bill fled from hands, Nose struck in nock.  
*Leander* with a start did rise,  
 And breaks his nose fast by his eyes:  
 \* Oh who hath seen an archer good,  
 Poaking for arrow-head with wood;  
 So far'd this Clot-pole nose to find  
 \* And grubbed till his eyes were blind:  
 But all in vain, the more he strove,  
 The further in his nose he drove.  
 For th' nose indeed it stuck so fast,  
 He was forc't to leave it, and agast,  
 Runs unto *Harper* plain to be  
 There, Watchmen hired with pence three.  
 Who lifting up their gogling eyes,  
 They hear a voice, and thus it cries,  
 My nose, my nose; my nose and eyes.

\* This I  
 commend  
 to thee for  
 a search-  
 ing Simi-  
 le.

And

And still tow'rd them apace he hasted,  
 Without his nose his face all blasted.  
 Away they ran for fear of foes,  
 Kib'd heels to save they ran on toes.  
 For hast we leave them running still,  
 And to *Leander* turn our quill.

*Hero* was all this while in dumps,  
 Now gins he to bestir his stumps.  
 Wrath for to say he now did smart,  
 He could not pull out nose by art.  
 Well to be short for fear of Watch,  
 He runs to Tow'r and pulls the latch.  
 Divinest *Hero* was in bed,  
 The door being ope, he in doth tread:  
 Yet for no ear should hear him travel;  
 From feet he wipes the stony gravel:  
 So goes me on neerer and neerer,  
 And with one eye did underpeer her.  
 Night being warm the cloaths were off,  
 Sooth 'twas enough to catch a cough:  
*Leander* thought; it was no matter,  
 Though teeth within his head did chatter.  
 One hand he put upon her toe;  
 The other on her buggle-bow.

Quoth he thus softly, *Hero, Hero:*  
 Away quoth she, and come no neer-oh.  
 Yet thus she said when she was waked,  
 Eye upon pride when men go naked:  
 A glimmering taper stood by bed;  
 Which in and out did put his head:  
 And by that light she did him know,  
 Standing like image of Rye-dough.  
 The well-hung youth then spake this word,  
 Quoth he I must lay Knife a-board.  
 I've swum, quoth he, through thick and thin,  
 Brine-waves have beat both neck and chin.

*Leander in her Haven cast Anchor.*

He rides secure in *Heroes* rode,  
 Now he begins to lay on load,  
 I'm come through watch and their brown bats,  
 Now *Hero* feels his twittle-cum-twats.  
 Alas poor soul she did not strive,  
*Leander* at her rump let drive.  
 He now forgot, as I suppose,  
 That in his hobler there was nose.  
 I'm come, said he, from side of shore,  
 Where lowly beggars sat of yore.

And

And now the beggar makes me sing  
The love of the *Cawphetuan* King:

*Leanders tale.*

On this green bank he first did spy,  
One sunny day the beggar lye,  
Displaying to fair *Phæbus*-fire,  
The Marigold of Loves desire.  
To Marigold I it compare,  
'Cause 'twas the colour of her hair.  
Which still to *Titan* was display'd,  
In window King stands rich array'd,  
And spies by chance the beggar lye,  
Back to the ground, face to the Sky.  
Then like the *Snake* she cast her skin,  
Whole amel'd body tumbled in  
Her mothers lap in apron green,  
And covered that, it was not seen:  
Her hair in goodly elf-locks hung,  
All down her shoulders, and among  
The roots of it, the Dandriff white,  
Like hoared frosts shining by night.  
When *Phæbe* and her silver train,  
The *Yard*, *Orien*, and *Charles* Wain.

Look down upon the Spyres of grass;  
 So sprinkled was the head of Lase.  
 She wreath'd her body on one side,  
 Her legs a mole-hil did divide.

*\*It might  
 have been  
 any mans  
 case.\** *Cawphetua's* mouth did water shed,  
 Fancies and toys were in his head.  
 Under her arm did *Cupid* lye,

And shot *Cawphetua* in the eye.  
 Who closely stood in window peeping  
 Whilst beggar poor on bank lay sleeping.  
 He took his love ere she did rise,  
 And sung this note with tears in eyes.

*Oh King, what art thou but a bubble  
 That swims in stream so swift;  
 Thy joy soon turns to grief and trouble,  
 Much like a Boat at drift;  
 That severed is from poop of Ship,  
 That wanders in the Ocean;  
 The beggar turn'd upon her hip,  
 Then lay still without morion.*

*He takes me his Prospective Glass.*

*My passion shall appear in print,*

*Make*

*Make ready Press good Hedger,  
Say that Cawphetua saw a dint;  
And fell in love with beggar.*

Ah me poor King! I'm now a captive made  
To one that hath no living, land, or trade.  
What shall I say in this? what shall I do?  
Shall I love her to foot hath nere a shoe?  
I am a King, my state in State is mighty,  
Shall I love her who hath sold Aqua-viræ?  
My rich blood boyls at this so sweet espial,  
Ev'n like a Boar, so chafes my Collop Royal.  
He calls for page, and him for water sends;  
This way and that, he the proud Grissel bends:  
The reason why his bobber stood so stiff,  
Uncover'd lay the silly beggars cliff.

As he was standing his full view to take,  
He spy'd her stretch, and stretching 'gan to wake:  
Being big with Thomas, she held up one leg,  
And like the ant, one mole-hil laid her egg:  
Then did she rise with such a rude behaviour,  
That Royal nose took winding of that favour;  
Which made him say, behold I come to win thee,  
Now I perceive that thou hast something in thee.  
Down



Down, down he goes the beggar to behold,  
And as he went he calls for purse of gold.

*The end of this Passion.*

The beggar now is come to gate of King,  
To beg for bread and meat, or bread and ling.  
Which when the King beheld within his Portal,  
Come, grafs and hay, quoth he, we are all mortal.  
She with a crutch did cry, God save his grace,  
The honest King bade all forsake the place.  
Which when the Lords and all the rest were gone,  
Quoth he, speak beggar, and speak words but one.

Wilt thou forsake thy beggars life,  
And leave off wearing patches?  
Thou shalt no more wear string in knife,  
He throws the beggar catches:  
Deer take this purse; nay be not coy;  
The simple mute doth stand,  
Quoth she, my Liege, *Perdon a moy*,  
So fell on knee and hand.  
Thou shalt, quoth he, I do not mock,  
If thou wilt take my offer,

Have

Have stockin, shoo, and Holland smock,  
 Like gold to put in coffer.

Thy rooms they shall be hung with arras,  
 Head stuck with silver pins:

Thou shalt no more sell Rosa-solis,  
 Nor buy the Coney-skins.

But first resolve me truly this,  
 Hath any tag or rag

Put Probe into thy Orifice,  
 Or water'd thy black Nag?

No, doughty Liege, I'll tell you true;  
 Though poor, I have been chaste;

No man did ever here imbrue,  
 Pointing beneath her waist,

With that he took her by the hand,  
 Which was by *Phæbus* parcht;

Quoth he arise, arise and stand:  
 To lodg of King they marcht.

Which when they came in room call'd private,  
 None but themselves alone,

At lowlie beggar he lets drive at,

'Twas dark, her name was *Joan*.

Dear Liege, quoth she; away, quoth he;

So layes her down on back;

And

\* Tack, by  
reason it  
would  
bold tack.

And with his finger he doth not linger,

\* But pulls me out his tack.

His Tassiel gentle he did put

Into her homely Mwe,

His Rounsfal in her Cob-nur,

In bladder were Beans blue.

He laid her head against a stoop,

She knew well his pretence:

He taught the beggar her lyripoop,

And paid her odd five pence.

He used art with both his thumbs,

Quoth she, dread Lord, no more;

His Curral tickled her tooth-gums,

Yet open stood the door:

With finger wet in came a Lord,

Who heard a noyse in house;

Sayes beggar now, dread Lord, no word,

But peace and catch a Mouse.

The noble spy'd them very soon,

And fell low on his knee,

He saw King in his honey-moon,

And all to be shitten was he.

Quoth Baron bold, *Camphetua* then,

Your Grace may have down-paller:

Now

Now he regards not Noble man,

\* But too't he goes ding-wallet.

Her Hockly-hole Kings should abhorc,

Being man was in that place;

He puts in Glasking-uri-core

Before the young mans face.

Well, Noble man at last 'gan call,

Quoth King to Lord, go down,

And bring me here a Camphire ball,

I'le wash from head to crown.

And as you go give order streight,

Unto the Cook for supper;

(Thine ear, 'tis matter of much weight)

Bring brimstone and sweet butter.

Go get thee gone, and bring with speed

Those things I have appointed;

Of robes bring store, truth is indeed,

I'le have my King annoynted.

Quoth Hero, What became of Tored

Sayes<sup>he</sup>, *Omnia vincit amor*.

He was o'recome, and glad to lye,

To place where muffled he doth lye.

\* Her  
Wallen  
was laid  
under her.

*Leander*

*Leander* now made end of tale,  
 Without shirt lining, or shirt male :  
 Indeed his tale was well compact,  
 For every word he made an act.  
 Her legs were ty'd in true-loves knor,  
 On top of back, full well I wor :  
 Poor soul she lay like cheek of Oxe  
 Stur'd in a pot, or reeking Socks.  
 The Lark now sings with cheerful note,  
 And morn was come as gray as groat :  
 O day, quoth she, to love most cruell  
*Hero* had mess of water-gruel,  
 Which stood by bed before provided,  
 And hand of *Hero* streight it guided  
 To mouth of Puny to make strong,  
 The knot of loyes white-leather-thong :  
 Then up he flings, and with a start,  
 Quoth naked man, I must depart :  
 First 'twixt her Pillars, truth to say,  
*Leander* wrote, *Ne ultra*.  
 No sooner he from bed did jump,  
 Out flew the nose with such a thump,  
 That *Heroes* Father in next room,  
 Did leave his bed and in did come.

*Leander*

*Leander* hears the man of age,  
 Who call'd for sword unto his page;  
 He seting him come, with much amazement,  
 He runs, and creeps out at the casement.  
 His *Calla-when-pen-cough* indeed,  
 Was much indangered by his speed,  
 For hook of window got it fast,  
 And held him there, till all-agast,  
 Fair *Hero* rose and went unto him,  
 And with her finger did undo him.  
 He down does fall without a word:  
 At window struck old man with sword,  
 Who se'ing on floor there lye a nose,  
 Quoth he, I've paid him I suppose:  
 This was the time when Fryers gray,  
 Did ring to Mattins break of day:  
 When Poets good do wake to plot,  
 And drunkard leaves his cloak for shot;  
 When Carriers put on shooes and hose,  
 And Maids do empty stools call'd closer:  
 That was the time when *Leander* fell,  
 From forth of window, truth to tell.  
 He had forsook his divine Pillows,  
 To fall among the raging billows.

Blue

Blue-beard call'd *Neptune*, being mad  
 For the disgrace he lately had;  
 This is the truth I need not blab;  
 Turn'd young *Leander* to a Crab:  
 And made the Proverb, sure 'twas so,  
 That love must creep where 't cannot go:  
 And because his dwelling was *Abidos*,  
 He was doom'd ever to creep side-ways.

Poor *Heroes* sorrow now redoubles,

\* The  
 fourth  
 part of a  
 bushel.

\* He left her in a peck of troubles:  
 A senseless man came to the Tow'r,  
 One sense he wants having but four.  
 Now smell my meaning if you can,  
 With him came *Roger*, *Thomas*, *Iohn*,  
 And all the rest of *Mars* his crue,  
 Whose eyes were black, some gray, none blue.  
 This Sheephead-rabble comes and knocks,  
 As they would break ope all the locks.  
 Fair *Heroes* father in a rigor,  
 Hearing that noyse, runs down like Tygor.  
 Quoth he, who's there? what, are ye drunk?  
 And still the more they stir'd, they stunk.  
 The Watch, sayes one, open the Gate,  
 The Watch, sayes he, having a shrewd pate.

He



He ope's the door, and standerh still,  
 And spake these words, Whas is your will?  
 Our will, quoth he, what call you that?  
 And spi'd the Nose pin'd in his hat,  
 Which when they all of them espi'd,  
 This, this is he, strike down they eri'd.  
 Then round about they him inviron,  
 And up they list their rusty iron.  
 He brake away, and bade them bafe,  
 And after they did run apace:

And ran direct, as I suppose,  
 For still the man did follow his Nose:  
 He follow'd close with dis defect,  
 And still his Nose was his prospect.  
 Oh, had they catcht him, them among,  
 And all their bills at him they dung.

But note the pity of the Gods  
 Extended toward these Hodmandods,  
 And first for him that lost his Nose,  
 ( The truth to you I will disclose ; )  
 Because his face did seem to scowle,  
 The Gods transform'd him to an Owl;  
 And for this was i'th' dead of night,  
 They doom'd him never by day-light

To shew his being, so God Pan  
 Made the first Owl of a Warchman:  
 And when he thought to cry, My Nose;  
 To *whit*, to *hoo* he shreekt, and up he rose,  
 And being compelled by th<sup>e</sup> angry God,  
 He clapt his wings and flue to \* *Ted*.

\* *A famous  
 Surgeon in  
 his time.*

Yet the Gods fury was not done,  
 They were transform'd each mothers son.  
 Sayes one, Ye Gods, is it your will?  
 And spake no more, his mouth turn'd bill:  
 And cause the Owl he should not mock,  
 The Gods made him the first Wood-cock:  
 He wears the form of a Watchman still,  
 And will for aye, witness his bill.  
 One Watchman he did stay behind,  
 And he was turn'd to buzzard blind:  
 The last was thinking how to run,  
 Saying, a fair thred they have spun;  
 Because he said these words in spight,  
 He liv'd and di'd a bird of night:  
 His ill luck sure I must not smother,  
 He did watch that night for another.  
 And for because his shape was ill,  
 He never flies but in the twill ———.

In memory of this mischance,  
 The Record you may see in *France*,  
 Upon each door where they must watch,  
 In chalk they set on door or hatch,  
 The very form of a birds foot :  
 In *England* they come neerer to't,  
 For the three claws you plainly see,  
 That is for every claw a peny.

But now to old man in a trance,  
 We must proceed to his mischance :  
 And to his grief, and much misprision,  
 We'll tell what hapned in his Vision.  
 There came to him, as 'twere in sight,  
 A lovely Lady, but no Knight.  
 The Lady seem'd for Lover lost,  
 To be on bed of Nettle tost ;  
 Of Nettle; worse! for to the quick,  
 She often had indur'd the prick  
 Without complaining, and poor ape,  
 To her it seem'd but as a † Jape.  
 As Poet-witty well could say,  
 A sport, a merriment, a play.  
 In But she poor Lady almost frantick,

D z

† An old  
 word, but  
 young men  
 use it.

As

As you may see in arras antick;  
 With hair dishevel'd romes about,  
 Vowing to find *Leander* out,  
 And get him in where no base patch,  
 With painted staff, no rugged watch;  
 No nor her father with head hoary,  
 Should come to interrupt the story:  
 That is, she meant for her delight,  
*Leander* in her book should write.  
 And blame her not to rave with ranning;  
 For she had lost her understanding,  
 Which standing stiffly to her, might have put,  
 \* No cut \* Some comfort to have cur'd her cut.  
 to unkind- But I too far digress, this fearful sight,  
 ness. The aged father from his wits did fright,  
 Or them from him, I know not whether;  
 But sure I am they went not both together.

A mad old man he was, and lo he dy'd.  
 Fair *Hero*, like the wench that cry'd,  
 Till she was turned to a stone,  
 For her *Leander* made her moan.  
 But when she heard, poor silly drab,  
 That he was turn'd into a crab?

She then fell down as flat as Flownder.

Her Floodgates open'd, and her own water drown'd  
(her

---

## THE EPITAPH.

*They both were drown'd, whilst Love and  
Fate contended;  
And thus they both pure flesh, like pure  
fish ended.*

D 3

THE





# THE MOCK ROMANS.

*Dwarfe,*

**F**LY from this Forrest Squire; fly trusty spark:  
I feare like Child whom Maid hath left in  
(dark.

*Squire,*

O coward base, whose fear will never lin,  
Till't shrink thy heart as small as head of pin:  
Lady, with pretty finger in her eye,  
Laments her Lamkin Knight, and shall I fly?  
Is this a time for blade to shifte for's self,  
When Giant vile calls Knight a sneaking Elf?  
This day (a day as fair as heart could wish)  
This Gyant stood on shore of Sea to fish:  
For angling Rod, he took a sturdy Oake,  
For line a Cable, that in storm ne're broke;

D 4

His



His hook was such as heads the end of Pole,  
 To pluck down house, e're fire consumes it whole:  
 His hook was baited with a Dragons-tail,  
 And then on Rock he stood, to bob for Whale:  
 Which strait he caught, and nimble home did pack  
 With ten cartload of dinner on his back.  
 So homeward bent, his eye too rude, and cunning,  
 Spies Knight and Lady, by a hedg a sunning.  
 That Modicum of meat he down did lay,  
 (For it was all he eat on Fasting day.)  
 They come in's rage, he spurns up huge tree roots,  
 Now stick to Lady Knight, and up with boots.

*Enter Gyant, Knight, Damsel.*

*Gyant,*

Bold recreant wight! what fate did hither call  
 (thee,  
 To tempt his strength that ha's such power to maul  
 (thee.  
 How durst thy puling Damsel hither wander?  
 What was the talk you by yond hedg did mander.

*Damsel,*

Patience sweet man of might: alas, heaven knows,  
 We only hither came to gather flows.

And

And bullies two or three, for truth to tell ye,  
I've long'd six weeks, with them to fill my belly.  
I'fecks, if you'll believ' it, nought else was meant

(fore)  
By this our jaunt, which Brants call adventure.

Gyant, Shall I grow meek as babe, when ev'ry Trull is  
So bold to steal my flows, and pick my bullies?

Knight,  
Fear not, let him storm on, and still grow rough

(er,  
Thou that art bright as candle clear'd by snuffer,  
Canst nere endure a blemish or eclips,

From such a hook-nos'd, foul mouth'd, blober lips:  
Ere he shall boast he us'd thee thus to his people,  
I'll see him first hang'd high as any Sceple.

Gyant,  
If I but upward leave my Oaken twig,  
I'll teach thee play the Tomboy, her the Rig,  
Within my forrest bounds; what doth she ail,  
But she may serve as Cook to roast my Whaler

In this her Damsels tite, and robe of Spinnier,  
She shall sowse Bore, fry tripes, and wild hogs hart  
(ner)  
Knight,

**Knight,**  
 Monster vile, thou mighty ill-bred Lubber,  
 Art thou not mov'd to see her whine and blubber?  
 Shall Damsel fair (as thou must needs confess here)  
 With Canvas apron, Cook thy meat at Dresser?  
 Shall she that is of soft and pliant mettle,  
 (Whose fingers silk would gaul) now stowre a Ket-  
 (cle?)

Though not to scuffle given, now I'll thwart thee,  
 Let **Blowze** thy daughter serve for shillings forty.  
 'Tis meet (I think) such ugly Baggages  
 Should in a Kitchen drudge for yearly wages,  
 Then gentle she, who hath been bred to stand  
 Neer Chair of Queen, with Island Shock in hand,  
 At Questions and Commands all night to play,  
 And amber Possits eat at break of day;  
 Or score out husbands in the charvoté ashes,  
 With Country Knights (not roasting Country  
 (Swashes)  
 Hath been her breeding still, and's more fit far,  
 To play on Virginals and the Gitter,  
 Then stir a Sea-coal fire, or scum a Chaldron,  
 When thou'rt to "break thy fast on" a Bulls chaldron.  
 Gyant,

*Gyant,*

Then I perceive I must lift up my Pole,  
 And deal your Love-rich noddle such a dole,  
 That every blow shall make so huge a clatter,  
 Men ten leagues off shall ask, Ha! what's the  
 matter?

*Damsel,*

Kind grumbling youth! I know that thou art able  
 And want of breeding makes thee proud to squable;  
 Yet sure thy nature doth compunction mean,  
 Though (las!) thy Mother was a sturdy Quean:  
 Let not meek Lovers kindle thy fierce wrath,  
 But keep thy blustering breath to cool thy broth.

*Knight,*

Whine not my love, his fury freight will waste  
 (him,  
 Stand off a while, and see how I'll lambast him.

*Squire,*

Now look to't Knight, this such a desperate blade  
 (is,  
 In Gaule he swing'd the valiant Sir *Amadis*.  
*Dwarfe,*

*Dwarfe;*

With bow now *Cupid* shoot this Son of Punk,  
With Crosse-bow else, or Pellet out of Trunk!

*Gyant,*

I'll strike thee till thou sink where the abode is,  
Of weights that sneak below, call'd *Antipodes*.

*Enter Merlyn,*

My art shall turn this combate to delight,  
They shall unto fantastick musick fight.



SOME Christian people all give ear,  
Unto the grief of us,  
Caus'd by the death of three children dear,  
The which it hapned thus.

And eke there besel an accident,  
By fault of a *Carpenters* Son,  
Who to Saw chips his sharp *Axe* lens,  
Woe worth the time may Lon——

*May*

*May London say, Wo worth the Carpenter,  
 And all such Block-head fools,  
 Would he were hang'd up like a Serpent here,  
 For jesting with edg-tools.*

*For into the chips there fell a spark,  
 Which Put out in such flames,  
 That it was known into Southwark,  
 Which lives beyond the Thames.*

*For Loc the Bridg was wondrous high  
 With water underneath,  
 O're which as many fishes fly,  
 As birds therein doth breath.*

*And yet the fire consum'd the Bridge,  
 Not far from place of landing,  
 And though the building was full big,  
 It fell down not with standing.*

*And eke into the water fell,  
 So many Pewter dishes,  
 That a man might have taken up very well,  
 Both boyld and roasted Fishes.*

*And*

*And thus the Bridg of London Town,  
 For building that was sumptuous,  
 Was All by fire Half burnt down,  
 For being too contumptious.*

*And thus you have all, but half my Song,  
 Pray list to what comes after;  
 For now I have cool'd you with the Fire,  
 I'll warm you with the water.*

*I'll tell you what the Rivers name is,  
 Where these children did slide-a,  
 It was fair Londons swiftest Thames;  
 That keeps both time and Tide-a.*

*All on the tenth of January,  
 To the wonder of much people:  
 'Twas frozen o're, that well 'twould bear,  
 Almost a Country Steeple.*

*Three Children sliding thereabouts,  
 Upon a place too thin,  
 That so at last it did fall out,  
 That they did all fall in.*



*A great Lord there was that laid with the King,  
 And with the King great wagers makes:  
 But when he saw he could not win,  
 He feight, and would have drawn stakes.*

*He said it would bear a man for to slide,  
 And laid a hundred pounds;  
 The King said it would break, and so it did,  
 For three children there were drown'd.*

*Of which ones head was from his Should——  
 His stricken, whose name was John,  
 Who then cry'd out as loud as he could,  
 O Lon-a Lon-a London.*

*Oh! tut-tut- turn from thy sinful race,  
 Thus did his speech decay:  
 I wonder that in such a case,  
 He had no more to say.*

*And thus being drown'd, a lack, a lack,  
 The water run down their throats,  
 And stop't their breaths three houres by the Clock,  
 Before they could get any Boats.*

*Tet*

*Ye Parents all that children have,*

*And ye that have none yet;*

*Preserve your children from the grave,*

*And teach them at home to sit.*

*For had these at a Sermon been,*

*Or else upon dry ground,*

*Why then I would never have been seen,*

*If that they had been drown'd.*

*Even as a Huntsman tyes his dogs,*

*For fear they should go fro him,*

*So tye your children with severities clogs,*

*Unty 'um, and you'l undo 'um.*

*God bleß our Noble Parliament,*

*And rid them from all fears,*

*God bleß all th' Commons of this Land,*

*And God bleß some o' th' Peers.*

THE



# THE PIGG.

[ 1 ]

I Sing not Reader of the fight  
 I' Tixt Bailiffs and that doughty Knight  
 Sir *Ambrose*, sung before :  
 Nor of that dismall Counter scuffle,  
 Nor yet of that Pantoffle,  
 They say the Virgin wore.

[ 2 ]

No Turkey cock with Pigmyes fray,  
 Or whether then did get the day,  
 Nor yet Tom *Coriots* shoes ;  
 Nor yet the swine-fac'd Maydens head,  
 Itb' *Netherlands* they say was bred,  
 Is subject of my Muse.

[ 3 ]

But in Rhime Doggrill I shall tell,  
 What danger to a Pig befell,

E

As

As I can well rehearse,  
 As true as if the Pig could speak  
 On Spit, in Prose would either squeak,  
 Or grunt it out in verse.

## [4]

A boysterous rout of armed Host  
 Just as the Pig was ready rost,  
 Rush'd in at doors, ( God bless us ! )  
 The Leader of this Warlike rout,  
 Strong men at armes, and stomach stout,  
 I ween was Captain *Bessus*.

## [5]

They lately had in *Scotland* been,  
 Where they such store of Sows had seen,  
 That garr'd them hate their Babbies :  
 And *Bessus* men neer *Norton* lay,  
 Where Pigs you know on Organs play,  
 That once belong'd to abbeyes.

## [6]

It was a Tithe Pig I confess,  
 And so the crime might be no less,  
 Then if't a Cassock wore;

But

But yet in Orders it was nere,  
Nor ever preach't, unless it were,  
It h' tub the night before.

[7]

Nor was it Popishly inclin'd,  
Although by forrest law their kind,  
Are taught to use the Ring:  
What though it wore a Scarlet-Coat,  
It nere appear'd ith' Kirk to vote,  
For her Fine Baby King.

[8]

But right or wrong, such dainty Cates  
Were nere ordain'd for Reprobates,  
The fat o'th earth is theirs;  
The Saints by Faith and Plunder have  
An heritage, and must inslave,  
Malignants, and their Heirs.

[9]

Fall on, fall on; they cry aloud,  
This Pig's of antichristian brood,  
You'l find we are no Dastards;  
Their teeth so sharp, their stomachs keen  
That Marrioss you would them ween,  
Or Wood of Kents own Bastards.

[10]

But now to tell how from the paws  
 Of th'unlickt Whelps with greedy jaws  
 This pigg escap'd, hereafter;  
 As then our bellies gan to prank it,  
 (Thanks to *Besse* for that good banquet)  
 Will fill your mouth with laughter.

[11]

A sturdy Lasse with courage bold,  
 On Pigg, and spit, and all, laid hold,  
 And swore she would it rescue;  
 For whether they their teeth did set,  
 For anger, or for hunger whet,  
 She way'd not that a fescue.

[12]

This brave incounter had you seen,  
 You would have sworn she should be Queen  
 Of th'Amazons, or Fayries;  
 And if she make good the retreat,  
 Her sole protectress we'll create  
 Of Milk-maids and their Daries.

[13]

Up staires she marcheth in a trice,  
 And safely convey'd is the Greice

Into

[53]

Into my Ladies chamber ;  
Such holy grounda not trod by those,  
Whose armpits, and whose socklesse toes,  
Are not so sweet as amber.

[14]

The Jews nere eat their paschall Lamb  
In half such hast, as we did cram  
This pig unto our dinners :  
Like Presbyterians we did feed,  
No grace that day our meat did need,  
For that belongs to sinners.

[15]

And when the story of the Pigg  
Was done ; the petticoes a Jigg  
Came tripping in at Supper ;  
'Twas meat and drink to us to see  
The souldiers by the Jade to be  
Thus thrust besides the crupper.

E 3

ON



ON  
DOCTOR GILL,  
Master of  
PAULS SCHOOL.

**I**N Pauls Church-yard in London,  
There dwells a noble Ferker,  
Take heed you that pass,  
Lest you taste of this Last;  
For I have found him a Ferker:  
Still doth he cry,  
Take him up,  
Take him up, Sir,  
Untruss with expedition.  
O the Burchen tool,  
Which he winds ish School,  
Frights worse then an Inquisition.

If that you chance to pass there,  
As doth the man of Blacking,  
He insults like a Purtock,  
O're the prey of the Buttock;

✓ With a whipt Ass sends him packing.  
Still doth, &c.

For when this well truss'd Trouser,  
Into the School doth enter,  
With his Napkin at his Nose,  
And his Orange stuff with Cloves:  
On any Ass be'l ventur.  
Still doth, &c.

A French man void of English,  
Enquiring for Pauls Steeple.  
His pardon a Moy,  
He counted a toy,  
For he whipt him before all people.  
Still doth, &c.

A Welch man once was whipt there,  
until he did boss him,  
His Cuds-Plattira-Nail,  
Could not prevail,  
For he whipt the Cambro-brittain.  
Still doth, &c.

*A Captain of the Train'd-Band,*

*Sirnam'd Cornelius Wallis :*

*He whipt him so sore,*

*Both behind and before :*

*He norcht his As like Tallis.*

*Still doth, &c.*

*For a piece of Beef and Turnip,*

*Neglected with a Cabbage :*

*He took up the Male Pillion,*

*Of his bouncing Maid Gillian,*

*And sowc't her like a Baggage.*

*Still doth, &c.*

*A Porter came in rudely,*

*And disturb'd the humming Concord :*

*He took up his Frock,*

*And paid his Nock,*

*And sawc'd him with his own Cord.*

*Still doth he cry, &c.*

**GILL**

GILL upon GILL,  
OR,  
Gills Ass uncas'd, unstript,  
unbound.

SIR, did you me this Epistle send,  
Which is so vile and lewdly pen'd;  
In which no line I can espy  
Of sense, or true Orthography.  
So slovenly it goes,  
In Verse and Prose,  
For which I must pull down your Hose:  
O good Sir, then cry'd he,  
In private let it be,  
And do not sawce me openly.

Yes Sir, I'll sawce you openly,  
Before Sound and the Company;  
And that none at thee may take heart,  
Though thou art Batchelour of Art:  
Though thou hast paid thy Fees  
For thy Degrees:

Yet

Yet I will make thy Ass to sneer :

And now I do begin

To thresh it on thy skin,

For now my hand is In, is In.

First for the Theams which thou me sent,

Wherein much non-sense thou didst vent ;

When he And for that barbarous piece of Greek,

was Clark For which in Gartheus thou didst seek,

in Wad- And for thy faults not few,

ham, and In tongue Hebrew :

being by his For which a Grove of Birch is due ;

place to be- Therefore me not beseech

ing a Psalm To pardon now thy breach,

he flung For I'll be thy Ass Leach, Ass Leach.

ous of Next for the offence that thou didst give,

Church, When as in Trinity thou didst live,

bidding And badst thy Ass in Wadham Coll. milt,

the people For bidding sing, \* Quicunque vult,

sing to the And for thy Blanketting,

praise and And many such a thing,

glory of For which thy name in Town doth ring,

God, Qui- And none deserves so ill,

unque vult.

He was

lost in a

blanket.

To bear as bad as Gill,  
Thy name it is a Proverb still,

Next since thou a Preacher were,  
Thou ventrest hast such rascal Geer,  
For which the French men all cry'd se,  
To bear such Pulpit Ribauldry,

And sorry were to see,  
So worthy a degree,  
So ill to be bestow'd on thee;  
But glad am I to say

The Masters made thee stay,  
Till thou in \* Quarto didst them pray.

But now remains the vilest thing,  
The Ale-house barking 'gainst the K.  
And all his brave and Noble Peers,  
For which thou ventrest for thy ears,

And if thou hadst thy right,  
Cut off they had been quite,  
And thou hadst been a Rogue in fight :

But though thou mercy find,  
Yet I'll not be so kind,  
But I'll jerk thee behind, behind.

A Known  
tongue and  
a Whore  
tail who  
can hold.

\* He did  
fit four  
times for  
his degree.

**F I N I S.**

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Pills 10'

"Terre" as "terre" 22 2

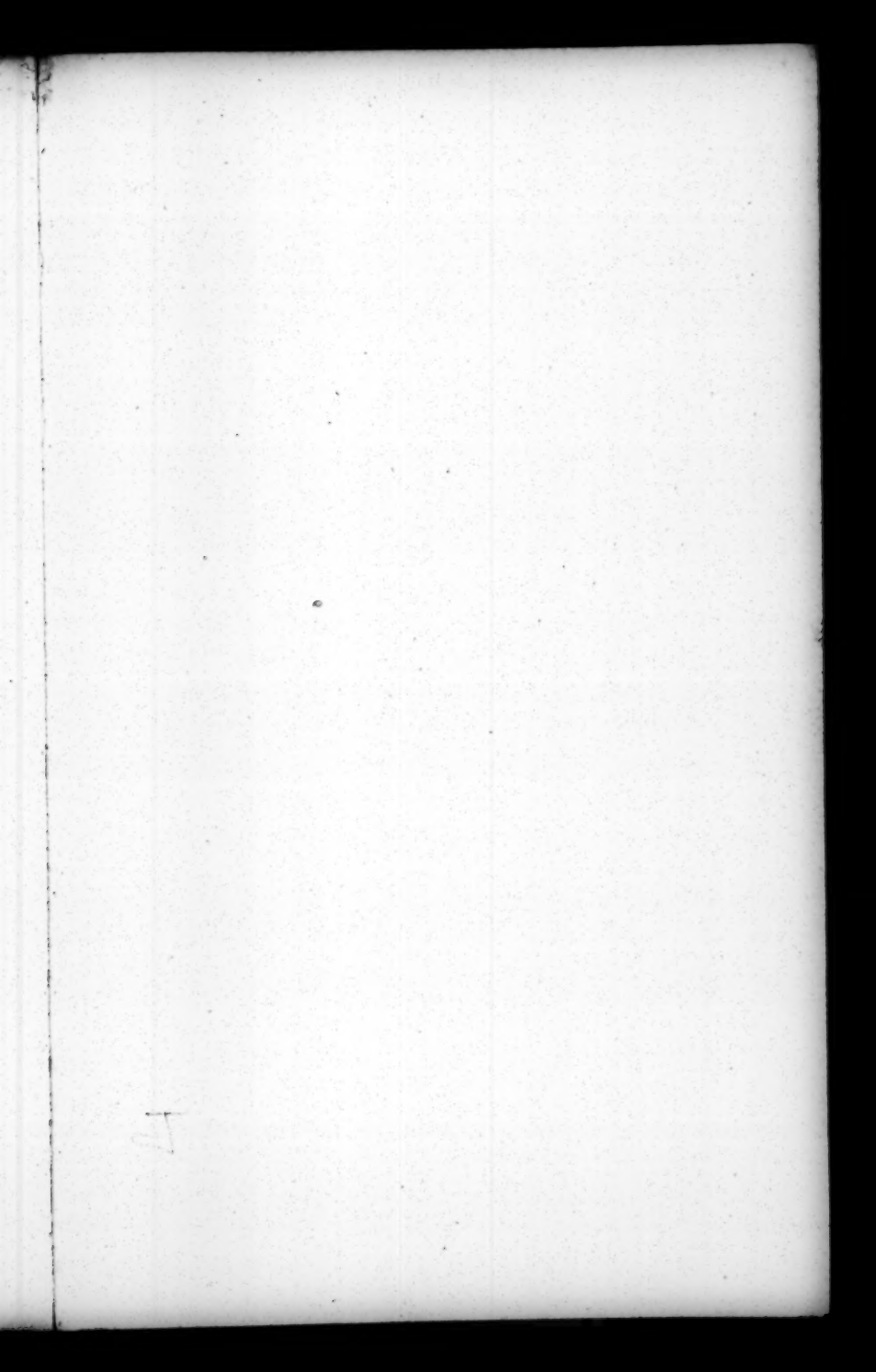
Taylor (John) p. 22.

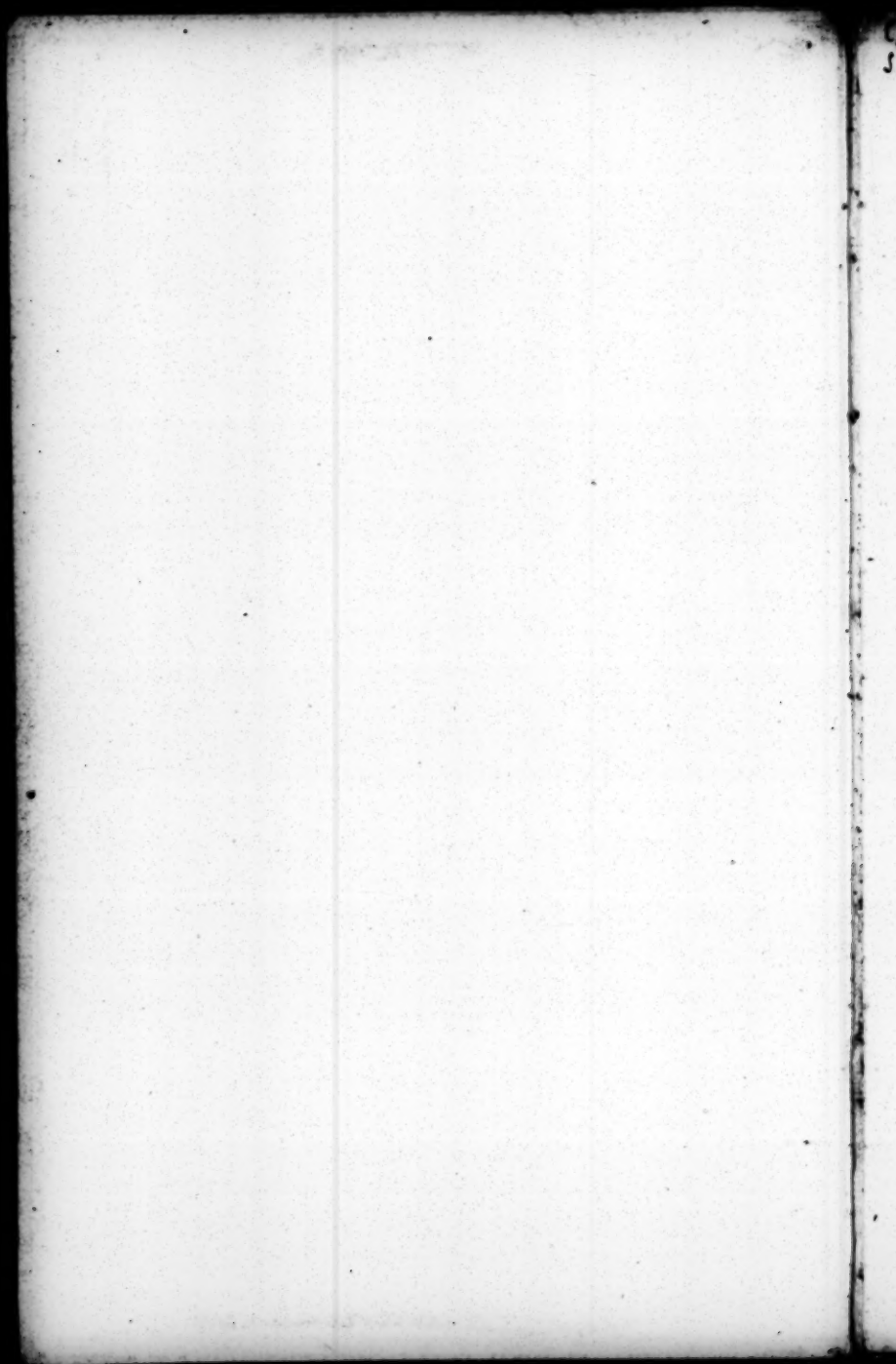
Groffs Mill 5 8 2 2

Deila p. 26.

Close-stools 13

Rochabito 26





Cal. H.C. 16.10.41

Solth: 21/6/88. Turner

En ol.

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